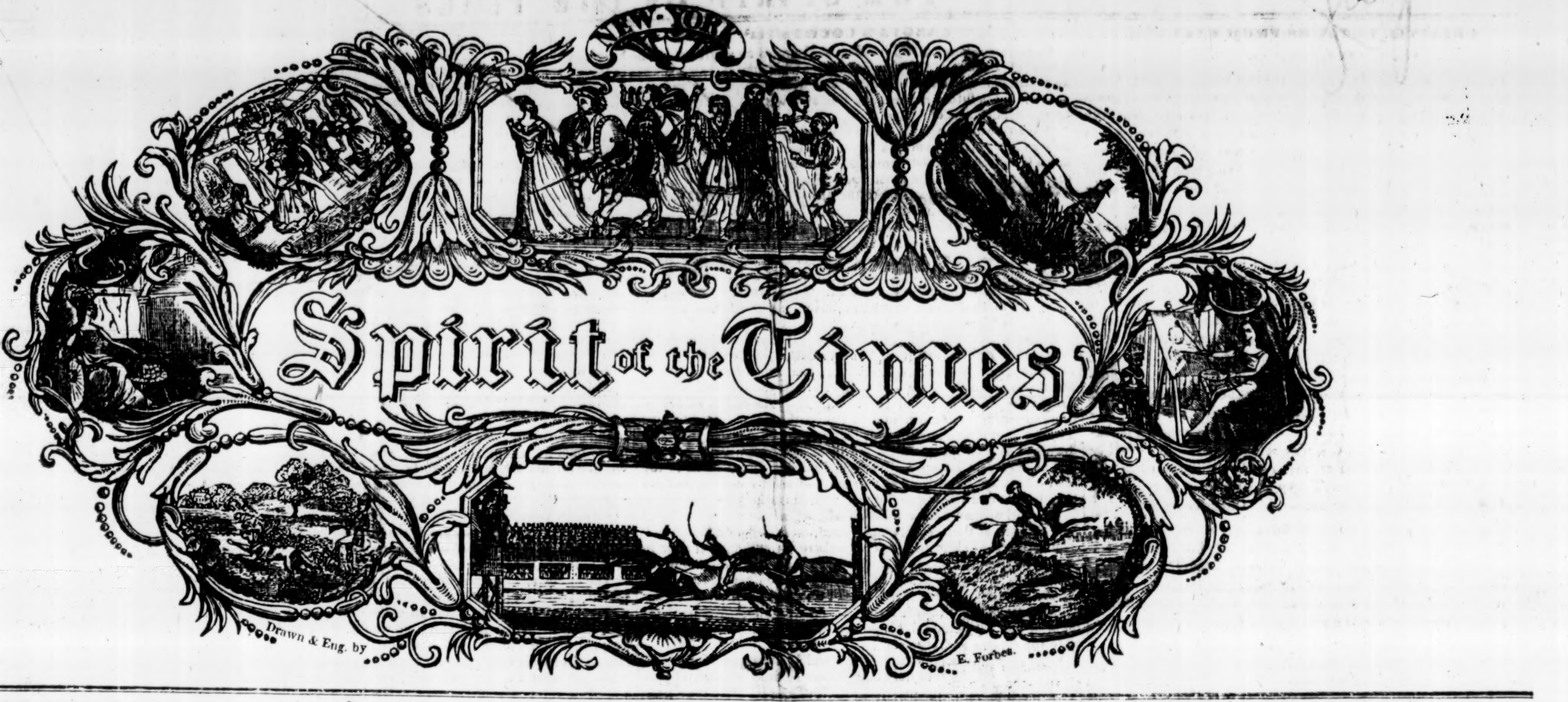

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.
OFFICE 189 BROADWAY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1835.

NEW SERIES, VOL. V.--No. 16.
$5 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

The Trout Catcher.

Mark the angler's watchful aye!
Mark the pendent well-formed fly,
Trembling here and there about,
'Tis to lure the speckled trout.

Mark the anxious, cautious tread,
Verging near the weedy bed;
Mark the line, now in, now out,
'Tis to trap the speckled trout.

Mark the sportsman's joy and fears,
As the wish'd-for prey appears;
Mark the look 'twixt hope and doubt,
Ere is caught the speckled trout.

Mark the angler's wrapt delight,
As the victim makes his bite!
Now sounds the conqueror's shout!
Now is *caught* the specked trout.

THE FALLEN TREE.

BY JAS. GORDON BROOKS, ED. WINCHESTER REPUBLICAN.*

"I have roved in a sorrowful mood
By the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood;
All ruined and cold is their roofless abode."
CAMPBELL.

I have seen the tree of my fathers fall,
And the ivy climbing their broken wall;
I have seen the ray of sunset shine
On the wasted home of their fated line:—
What boots it now that their eagle proud
Once bathed his plume in the thunder-cloud,
And built his nest on the mountain's brow,
Since the spoiler's shaft hath lain him low?

Spirit of ages dead and gone!
Ye who once triumphed where wreaths were won
Thou whose banner wearied the breeze
That urged thy bark o'er distant seas,
To spread the British Lion's reign
In the spicy isle of the Indian main,—
And thou who led'st Ierne's host
To win the field where thy life was lost;
Thou, whose stirring war-cry ran
Ever the loudest on battle's van:
Thou, who sleep'st in thy bloody tomb
With a broken sword and a crimson'd plume—
Spirits of better and prouder days!
Rise from your slumber and let me gaze
On what ye were in the time gone by,
When the tree was strong and the bird soar'd high!
Shades of the mighty, the good, and the brave,
From your clay-cold beds and your ocean-graves,
If it be that your parted spirits sleep
Within the earth and beneath the deep,
Or if it be that ye roam afar
In the fields of space from star to star,
Whether ye come in frowning form,
Wrapped in the cloud and born by the storm,
Or clad in the beams of the summer moon
When she crowns the midnight's star-gemmed noon,
List to my prayer, surround me now,
I will not shrink from each awful brow;
Come at my bidding, answer my call—
Why did the tree of my fathers fall?
Why hath the moss, for many a day,
Mantled their walls in sad decay?
Why is their pride lain low in dust,
Their laurels blasted, their name in rust?
Why is their home with weeds o'er-grown,
Its splendor, its might, and its glory gone?

* A few weeks since we questioned "the right" of friend BROOKS to seclude himself so entirely from the republic of letters; his reply was worthy of a poet's genius and disposition. He answers "The same right by which BRYANT & VAN SCHAICK connected themselves with the political press, by which HALLECK betook himself to 'the cotton trade and sugar line'"—and SPRAGUE became the cashier of a bank—the right of self-preservation, and the spirit of pride and independence. In this country the road to fame is not the road to fortune, and we would rather *live* independently and be forgotten when dead, than pass our days dependent on the fickle breath of popular applause, and preserve from oblivion a *few letters of the alphabet put together in a particular way*, which is the sum and substance of posthumous fame." Passing over a flattering but unmerited compliment to ourselves, he concludes, "If any thing could make us regret a determination, long since deliberately formed and executed, it would be this warm-hearted and affectionate remembrance, after years of absence, from our editorial brother PORTER. It *is* pleasant, in spite of our theory, to feel that we are not forgotten "in the places which once knew us, but know us no more"—and his "*non obliviscor*" from the banks of our native river conjures up many delightful and endearing associations of the past. But we must conclude, for we are almost becoming sentimental, by assuring our friend of the Times, that we prefer the comparatively quiet life we are leading, to the bustle and turmoil, and wild and feverish excitement of existence in the queen of American cities. We sail our little cock-boat every Wednesday morning in this peaceful harbor, without a sigh for the stately three-decker which we once steered daily through storm and tempest, and around rock and headland. We expect to live longer, and perhaps to die with a better conscience."

Who knows but what our gentle remonstrance may have been the means of producing the beautiful little poem we have quoted above? If so, then, with Irving "we shall not have written entirely in vain."

Epitaph upon an Attorney.

Here under this dust lies a limb of the law,
On whom the grand catchpole has fasten'd his paw;
And hurried him hence to account for his tricks,
Before my Lord Minos, Chief Justice of Styx,
Where neither demurrers, delays, or evasions,
Tho' found so successful on former occasions,
Brow-beating a witness, bamboozling of juries,
Shall save his broad back from the lash of the furies;
Nor all his invention, so fruitful and clever,
Shall keep the black vulture from gnawing his liver;
Nor shall the chicane that he used to rely on,
Suspend his career on the wheel of Ixion;
Nor even his quirks which he practised to bite us,
Shall avail them to hinder his passing Cocytus.
Then think, nor attempt, the grossest of errors,
To move or to soften the Monarch of Terrors;
But let all such as he, e'er they take a long journey,
Remember the fate of old Gripe the Attorney.

The Turf.

Steeple Chase Extraordinary.

The wild excitement and the break-neck dangers of the steeple chase, have lately become fashionable in Essex, and it was not therefore likely that the good folks of Rayleigh should be behind hand in topping the fence, or tumbling in the well-filled ditch below. No—no, daring and unconquerable spirits are there to be found, and among the number stood pre-eminent Mr. Crow, a grocer, and Mr. Stearnes, a carpenter, the former of whom declared that he did not care a FIG for the "wise" SAWS of the latter; and, indeed, each talked so loudly of his skill in horsemanship, that a steeple chase became inevitable to apportion out the merit between them. The bet was made—the Bishop of the town willing to gather a FLOCK together, volunteered his finest rosinante for his friend Mr. Crow, and Thursday-week beheld them mounted on Mr. Mosley's lands, all in riding order. The first hedge was cleared in a true sporting style, and each rider had almost made up his mind to challenge Mr. Osbaldestone, when lo! a second hedge presented itself.—

"They shout, they spur, and in a moment more
Are streak'd with mud, and stain'd with drops of gore."

Now, when a man gets into trouble, the best way is to get out of it again. The same rule applies to a ditch, and the riders recollecting this wise aphorism, were in a few moments scampering across the next field as fast as whip cord and nags, "rather touched in the wind," could carry them. But when a man rides a steeple chase, hedges, aye, and ditches too, will come as naturally as winter follows summer, and the third being rather deeper than a reasonable being in such circumstances would think necessary, both Mr. Stearnes and his horse disappeared, and rusticated a few minutes in the mud below. Now, it is fortunate to have a generous enemy—Mr. Crow not only pulled up to ascertain what had become of his opponent, but also offered him a seat behind him. There is an old saying, "never shout till you are out of the wood," and Mr. Stearnes illustrated it, for remounting his horse he reached the Crown Inn, the goal of victory, before his considerate neighbor. Mr. Syre, the landlord, who acted as umpire, provided an excellent dinner for the party, and over a few bottles of his best wine, they talked of the "hair breadth 'scapes, in the imminent muddy ditch," and "the contest o'er, could smile at dangers past."—*Bell's Life in London, March 15.*

Match against Time.

One Hundred and Twenty-five Miles.—Mr. Abel Andrews, a dealer, undertook March 17, to ride one horse the above distance in 24 hours. The horse, or rather a stout galloway, under fifteen hands, and aged, looked a very unlikely one to win, and time was backed at 6 to 4. The start took place from Pepper-row, Essex, over a five mile piece of ground, at one o'clock in the morning, Mr. Andrews riding something more than eleven stone. He performed half the distance in ten hours and a quarter, baited the horse, refreshed himself, and started again at twelve, having the other half to perform, at the rate of more than four miles and three quarters an hour. He did the first ten miles in an hour and a half, washed the mouth of the horse, and performed the next ten miles in rather less time.

Mr. Andrews became fatigued, and went to bed for an hour and a half; then started again at five, to do the remaining forty-two miles and a half. He did the twenty miles in three hours, halted an hour, and started at nine, much fatigued: but the horse was fresh, and performed the remaining twenty-two miles and a half, at forty minutes past twelve, winning the wager by twenty minutes.

Trotting.

The match between Mr. Davies's brown mare, fourteen hands two inches and a quarter, carrying 13st. 12lbs, and Mr. Mendham's brown mare (pony,) thirteen hands three inches and a quarter, carrying 12st. 3lbs., from Haverfordwest to Carmarthen (thirty-two miles,) came off on Friday-week by agreement. Mr. Davies's mare took the lead, and continued for about sixteen miles. Mr. Mendham's pony broke the trot several times, and took a wrong road. She, then, however, passed the mare, and was winning, when she broke down within about two miles of home. The mare was, by great exertion, forced on, and won in the short space of two hours and twenty-five minutes. It is supposed the pony would have gone the distance in a much shorter time had she been well rode; but she had to make upwards of twenty turns, and lost about 400 yards, through going in a wrong direction. This is considered a most extraordinary feat, considering the hilly nature of the roads, and four miles of it being a newly-made road, and very heavy.

Bertrand, Jr.—Mr. HAUN, of Augusta, (Georgia,) who some time since purchased Bertrand, Junior for eight thousand dollars, was last week offered ten thousand dollars for him, which he refused.

Dialogue between an Irish Squire and an Irish Farmer.

SCENE.—*Hare-hunting.*

Squire.—Paddy, will you part your horse?

Paddy.—I will, your honor. The devil a better hunter in all Ireland!

Squire.—How old is he?

Paddy.—He comes *three.*

Squire.—What is he got by?

Paddy.—Is it what horse your honor manes?

Squire.—Blood-and-ounds! do you think I ask if he's got by a mare!

Paddy.—And faith, then, its on the tip of my tongue, your honor, but for the sowl of me I can't think of him now. Sure didn't he bate 'em all at Kilcock!

Squire.—What do you ask for him?

Paddy.—Your honor would'nt think much of giving me twenty-five guineas for him?

Squire.—Indeed, then, Paddy, I would.

Paddy.—Wait till we find a hare, and I'll engage you won.

Squire.—Is he a good leaper?

Paddy.—(With two nods of the head, which no one but an Irishman can give)—Is it leaping? the devil a drain, ditch or wall, between this and Connaught he'll baulk; and as to giving your honor a fall, if he does, I'll give you lave to call me the biggest rogue in all Ireland!

Squire.—Paddy, you know I called you that once before.

Paddy.—Oh, indeed your honor did; but sure I'm not going to sell your honor a garran *this time.*

Squire.—Let me mount him.

Paddy.—By all manes, your honor: but wait till I hould the stirrup, for the girt is but *tinder.*

Squire.—You have got a good saddle too, Pat

Paddy.—Indeed your honor, and I have. Sure they gave it me at Ballinasloe Fair instead of my own; and I never found it out till I got home.

Squire.—He has got a broken knee.

Paddy.—The devil a brake, your honor. Sure its a mark his mudder had before him.

Squire.—I'll give you twelve pounds for him.

Paddy.—Oh, your honor wouldn't be after murdering a poor man. If your honor had said *fifteen* now.

Squire.—The devil a teaster more, Pat.

Paddy.—Then good luck to your honor. By the immortal powers, your honor's got the best little horse in Ireland for nothing.—*London Sport. Mag.*

Hunting.

A Western Deer Hunt.

FORT CRAWFORD, *Prairie du Chien,*
Feb. 22, 1835.

Mr. Editor: Having frequently observed in your magazine, invitations to officers stationed on the frontier, to furnish you with some account of their exploits in the chase, I feel at liberty to transmit the annexed deer hunt.

Scarcely a week passes by, but feats of the chase are accomplished, which, if related in your pages, would prove highly interesting to those of your readers whose civilized abodes prevent them from enjoying "in propria persona," the wild amusements in which we of the West so frequently engage.

If all the achievements during the past winter, of "Spring," a greyhound owned by Lieutenant H., of this post, could be recorded, they might well compare, as far as comparison could go, with those of the veteran Eclipse, or the far famed Trifle. He has already been noticed in the N. Y. American, by an accomplished writer, over the signature of H., who visited us last winter. Spring has furnished us with an abundance of sport this winter, by the pursuit of wolves on the ice, which is our principal amusement when the Mississippi is frozen sufficiently hard to bear our horses with safety. But having caught one, and sometimes two, almost every day, and feeling our ardor for wolf hunting somewhat abated by too much success, we determined to make an attempt at game of a more noble kind.

Knowing that Spring, when quite a puppy, had pulled down a fawn of a year's growth, his master resolved to test his skill when brought in contact with a buck or doe, all parties having arrived at the age of maturity. So away we went, our party consisting of Lieutenants H. and B., and myself, all doubtful, even if we should succeed in rousing a deer, as to the issue of the chase from the well known raggedness of the ground we were about to beat; it being a succession of hills and dales, bluffs and ravines, some of which old Nick himself could not ride over rough shod. Towards the Mississippi the bluffs terminate abruptly in precipices from two to three hundred feet high. Towards the Ouisconsin they go off less precipitously, but are intersected by numerous ravines, which, after winding in various directions, and nearing in their course, finally find their way to the valley of the Ouisconsin. The last described portion of country was the scene of action for the day, and thither we shaped our course, passing in our way the carcass of a large grey wolf, which was killed by the dogs the day before, while following up a cow, whose calf he and some of his companions had destroyed and consumed, with the exception of the tail.

Our pack consisted of "Spring" and "Jump," a son of Spring, out of an English greyhound slut, and who promises nearly as much as his sire has performed—"Nip" and "Nap," "Flash" and "Flight," puppies and brothers to Jump, "Mount," a common fox hound, (once the property of Major G. of sporting notoriety,) and some hangers on. We had proceeded about four miles, and got pretty well in the deer range, when Spring was observed to dash ahead, stop for a second, strike a base line, then over the hill and out of sight—Jump follows—the little dogs are somewhat astonished, and old Mount opens behind. "I'll bet it is a 'coon, who has ventured out of his hole to get a drink and pick up an acorn this warm day," says B. "D—me if it's not a wolf," says I. "If it's an animal that goes on four legs," says H. "I'll find out his breed—so here goes."

Look to the left, H. there they go—three deer, and Spring on the ridge behind them. He dashes off at full speed—cheering on his dogs at every leap, B. and myself close on his heels, and trying to keep the deer from the bluffs. Yonder they go, throwing their heads from right to left, and beckoning us on with their white flags. Now I see them—now I don't. They have parted company—one flies over the ridge towards the prairie, and Spring, like a black streak, follows close on the heels of his nimble legged victim. Close behind! H is seen at intervals. Spring has caught up with his prey and has taken him, but is too much exhausted to hold him; the white flag, however, has dropped, and he moves but slowly down the ravine towards Ouisconsin. Now he is again overtaken and has yielded up his life—a fine young buck. I mounted him on my horse and rode back to the fort, having been absent little more than two hours. *Am. Turf Register.*

Shooting.

Driving Wild Turkeys in Mississippi.

FEBRUARY, 22, 1835.

Mr. Editor: The arrival of the Turf Register has put me in mind of giving you an account of a novel experiment I made to drive turkeys. You have often heard of "deer-driving," but I imagine, never heard of the method just mentioned, to hunt turkeys. Just opposite to where I am stationed, there is an island, about a mile long and a half mile broad, which is resorted to by the turkeys in great numbers in the course of every winter. Last November a year ago, I crossed over, with ten or twelve other persons. I divided the party; one party were to spread themselves across the upper part, and the other to extend themselves in like manner across the foot of the island. Every thing being arranged, the party at the head of the island began to move downwards, shouting, firing and driving the game before them. I had hardly got my station, before I heard the noise of one or two hundred turkeys coming towards me, some flying and some running, but so thick were the trees and undergrowth, that I was some moments before I could get a shot; but at last a monstrous gobbler came flying over my head: I levelled my double barrel percussion and brought him to the ground. He was a noble fellow, weighing, I should suppose, some twenty-five pounds. I heard all around me a sharp and animated skirmish between my party and the turkeys; but I believe the latter got off with a few scratches and d—bly frightened to the Illinois shore of the Mississippi. I ascertained that the ill success of the party was in a great measure owing to their villanous "*flint locks*" getting wet and the thick cover. In beating about I put up another tremendous gobbler, and knocked him over at the distance of seventy or eighty steps; with these we returned to our boats and recrossed to our dinners. *Ib.*

Snipe Shooting in Louisiana.

OPELOUSAS, Feb. 21, 1835.

Mr. Editor:—If you think the following account of a snipe hunt worthy of insertion, you can give it a place in your Magazine. On the 17th inst. after breakfast, a friend and myself left this place for the ground occupied by our game, five miles distant. At ten o'clock we commenced shooting, and ceased at about four o'clock. I had then bagged sixty-nine snipe, two quails, one rabbit, and one rail; all single shots, total, seventy-three; my friend fifty. It is believed to be pretty good shooting to kill every other shot in a day's sport on this kind of game, and I very much doubt whether it is done by many, who are esteemed keen sportsmen. Upon a wager select shots only will be taken, but that man who expects to bag much game, will shoot when he has a chance.

When Baltimore is connected by rail roads with this place, through New-Orleans, (and why may we not live to see it?) I will then do myself the pleasure to send you on some snipe. In the meantime I will wish you in my situation in several respects, except the last, in the enjoyment of the company of a friend of singularly various and extensive acquirements, who is a keen sportsman, keeps a good kitchen, and drinks excellent wine, but it grieves me further to add, that we are both old bachelors." B. F. I.—*Ib.*

Anecdote of Sheridan.

There runs across the bottom of the lower garden of the Deanery of Winchester, a remarkably clear, shallow, and rapid stream. Nothing would suit Sheridan but dragging the clear water, in which the smallest minnow would not have escaped detection. Nets were procured, and he entered eagerly on the task, affirming that Jack and Trout must abound in so retired a place, and in such pellucid water. A wag of the party stepped away, and purchased six *pickled* herrings, and as the stream passed beneath an archway, he contrived, without being seen, to let the herrings float down the stream. Sheridan perceived them, and was so delighted as to forget his antipathy to water; and waded into the stream; he pulled and hollowed; and gave way to as great a joy as a boy at the death of the first pheasant he ever fired at. He grappled the bag of the net, and seized the fish, while the wags looked on with ill-suppressed laughter. On his discovering the trick, he was hailed with a loud shout. He joined in the joke, and simply remarked when he looked alternately on his dripping garments and the herrings:—"This is a pretty *pickle!*"

Singular Reverse of Fortune.—Thomas Davies, better known by the name of "Dankey Davies," a resident of Boughton, Chester, and for years a notorious gatherer of rags, bones, and other "small wares," on Monday received information, that, in consequence of the demise of a relative, who had died intestate, he had become possessed of property amounting, as we have heard, to 14,000*l.* He said it was time to budge out of the workhouse, and in a crack his wardrobe, which was not very cumbersome, was packed up, and Dankey "hopped" into a carriage, which was ready to convey him to take possession of his good fortune.—*Chester Chron.*

Value of Character.—In New-York city, recently, Michael Crauley prosecuted William Slam for slander upon his character, and recovered *six cents* damages and *six cents* costs. Mr. Slam should be very careful how he runs "slam-bang" against six cents' worth of character.—*Boston Whig.*

372103
28

GV1
S58
Office

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Breakfasted with Mr. Procter, (known better as Barry Cornwall.) I gave a partial description of this most delightful of poets in a former letter. In the dazzling circle of rank and talent with which he was surrounded at Lady Blessington's, however, it was difficult to see so shrinkingly modest a man to advantage, and with the exception of the keen gray eye, living with thought and feeling, I should hardly have recognised him at home for the same person.

Mr. Procter is a barrister; and his "whereabout" is more like that of a lord chancellor than a poet proper. With the address he had given me at parting, I drove to a large house in Bedford-square; and, not accustomed to find the children of the Muses waited on by servants in livery, I made up my mind as I walked up the broad staircase, that I was blundering upon some Mr. Procter of the exchange, whose respect for his poetical namesake, I hoped would smooth my apology for the intrusion. Buried in a deep morocco chair, in a large library, notwithstanding, I found the poet himself—choice old pictures, filling every nook between the book-shelves, tables covered with novels and annuals, rolls of prints, busts and drawings in all the corners; and, more important for the nonce, a breakfast table at the poet's elbow, spicily set forth, not with flowers or ambrosia, the canonical food of rhymers, but with cold ham and ducks, hot rolls and butter, coffee-pot and tea-urn—as sensible a breakfast, in short, as the most unpoetical of men could desire.

Procter is indebted to his poetry for a very charming wife, the daughter of Basil Montagu, well known as a collector of choice literature, and the friend and patron of literary men. The exquisite beauty of the Dramatick Sketches interested this lovely woman in his favour before she knew him, and far from worldly-wise as an attachment so grounded would seem, I never saw two people with a more habitual air of happiness. I thought of his touching song,

"How many summers, love,
Hast thou been mine!"

and looked at them with an irrepressible feeling of envy. A beautiful girl, of eight or nine years. the "golden-tressed Adelaide," delicate, gentle and pensive, as if she was born on the lip of Castaly, and knew she was a poet's child, completed the picture of happiness.

The conversation ran upon various authors, whom Procter had known intimately. Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Keats, Shelley and others; and of all he gave me interesting particulars, which I could not well repeat in a publick letter. The account of Hazlitt's death-bed, which appeared in one of the magazines, he said was wholly untrue. This extraordinary writer was the most reckless of men in money matters, but he had a host of admiring friends who knew his character, and were always ready to assist him. He was a great admirer of the picturesque in women. He was one evening at the theatre with Procter, and pointed out to him an Amazonian female, strangely dressed in black velvet and lace, but with no beauty that would please an ordinary eye. "Look at her!" said Hazlitt, "isn't she fine!—isn't she magnificent! Did you ever see any thing more Titianesque!"*

After breakfast, Procter took me into a small closet adjoining his library, in which he usually writes. There was just room in it for a desk and two chairs, and around were piled in true poetical confusion, his favourite books, miniature likenesses of authors, manuscripts, and all the interesting lumber of a true poet's corner. From a drawer, very much thrust out of the way, he drew a volume of his own, into which he proceeded to write my name—a collection of songs, published since I have been in Europe, which I had never seen. I seized upon a worn copy of the Dramatick Sketches, which I found crossed and interlined in every direction. "Don't look at them," said Procter, "they are wretched things, which should never have been printed, or at least with a world of correction. You see how I have mended them; and, some day, perhaps, I will publish a corrected edition, since I cannot get them back." He took the book from my hand, and opened to "The Broken Heart," certainly the most highly-finished and exquisite piece of pathos in the language, and read it to me with his alterations. It was to "gild refined gold and paint the lily." I would recommend to the lovers of Barry Cornwall, to keep their original copy, beautifully as he has polished his lines anew.

On a blank leaf of the same copy of the Dramatick Sketches, I found some indistinct writing in pencil. "Oh! don't read that," said Procter, "the book was given me some years ago by a friend at whose house Coleridge had been staying, for the sake of the criticisms that great man did me the honour to write at the end." I insisted on reading them, however, and his wife calling him out presently, I succeeded in copying them in his absence. He seemed a little annoyed, but on my promising to make no use of them in England, he allowed me to retain them. They are as follows:

"Barry Cornwall is a poet, *me saltem judice*, and in that sense of the word in which I apply it to Charles Lamb and W. Wordsworth. There are poems of great merit, the authors of which I should not yet feel impelled so to designate.

"The faults of these poems are no less things of hope than the beauties. Both are just what they ought to be: i. e. *new*.

"If B. C. be faithful to his genius, it in due time will warn him that as poetry is the identity of all other knowledge, so a poet cannot be a great poet, but as being likewise and inclusively an historian and a naturalist in the light as well as the life of philosophy. All other men's worlds are his chaos.

"Hints:—Not to permit delicacy and exquisiteness to seduce into effeminacy.

"Not to permit beauties by repetition to become mannerism.

"To be jealous of fragmentary composition as epicurism of genius—apple-pie made all of quinces.

"Item. That dramatick poetry must be poetry hid in thought and passion, not thought or passion hid in the dregs of poetry.

"Lastly, to be economick and withholding in similes, figures, etc. They will all find their place sooner or later, each in the luminary of a sphere of its own. There can be no galaxy in poetry, because it is language, *ergo* successive, *ergo* every the smallest star must be seen singly.

"There are not five metrists in the kingdom whose works are known by me, to whom I could have held myself allowed to speak so plainly; but B. C. is a man of genius, and it depends on himself (*competence protecting him from gnawing and distracting cares*) to become a rightful poet—i. e. a great man.

"Oh, for such a man, worldly prudence is transfigured into the high spiritual duty. How generous is self-interest in him whose true self is all that is good and hopeful in all ages as far as the language of Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton is the mother tongue.

"A map of the road to Paradise drawn in Purgatory on the confines of Hell, by S. T. C. July 30, 1819."

I took my leave of this true poet after half a day passed in his company, with the impression that he makes upon every one—of a man whose sincerity and kind-heartedness were the most prominent traits in his character. Simple in his language and feelings, a fond father, an affectionate husband, a business-man of the closest habits of industry—one reads his strange imaginations and passionate, high-wrought, and even sublimated poetry, and is in doubt at which most to wonder—the man as he is, or the poet as we know im in his books.

N. P. W.

* The following story has been told me by another gentleman. Hazlitt was married to an amiable woman, and divorced, after a few years, at his own request. He left London, and returned with another wife. The first thing he did was to send to his first wife to borrow five pounds She had not so much in the world, but she sent to a friend, (the gentleman who told me the story,) borrowed it, and sent it to him! It seems to me there is a whole drama in this single fact.

CANOVA'S COURTSHIP.

Canova commenced his studies at Rome as an engraver, in the house of Volpatti. On the first day of his arrival, being a shy, awkward lad, he felt considerable awe at the prospect of an introduction to his future master, and this awe was not a whit lessened by the deportment of Volpatti.

"Wait awhile," he said, when Canova entered the room wherein he was at work; "I will talk to you presently." So Canova busied himself in looking about him at the various interesting objects the room contained, and the most interesting of all, in his opinion, was a young girl who was sitting to the artist. I said "sitting," to use a common expression, but in very truth, the girl was standing, one foot in advance, and her head half turned round; the mask and broken staff she held, told that she represented the muse "Thalia;" and there was an air of joyousness in her clear, sparkling countenance, and of infantine lightness in her figure that peculiarly fitted her to represent the muse whose name is "Pleasure." For an hour she stood in an unchanged position, maliciously observing, without affecting to do so, the shy student.

In her whole happy life, perhaps, she had never been quiet for so long a time before; and it might be she was now actuated by a wish of prolonging his embarrassment. At last, her patience wearied; she threw down the mask and staff, and to the youth's astonishment caught the old artist round the neck, and as she fondly embraced him, she said, "No more to-day, dear father, I am tired of being Thalia; and if you must needs go on with your design, you must draw me as a sleeping nymph. Volpatti threw down his pencils, and answered, "Thou art a whimsical maiden; but go then to thy rest, if thou art indeed weary; or stay—I would finish the hair ere thou hast varied the fashion of it. Call Raffaelle."

The girl opened a door, through which Canova saw half a dozen lads at work at their easels, and called out, "Raffaëlle Morghen." The individual in question entered—there was nothing peculiar in his appearance, except it might be a very roguish expression in his eye, which he might have caught from his master's daughter. He sat himself down before the picture, and continued to work at the golden hair, while Volpatti turned to the young stranger, as if for the first time conscious of his presence, and began questioning him as to his studies and pursuits.

Volpatti soon discerned his talent; and foreseeing his future eminence, received him into his house, where he lived on terms of perfect ease and friendship, together with Raffaëlle, who had been lately apprenticed; but in no two points did these two young men resemble each other; for Raffaëlle, conscious that he possessed the beauty and elegance of Adonis, was as free and agreeable in manner as Canova was shy and awkward. By his master only was Canova duly appreciated; and often, when he caught the half suppressed sneer on the faces of his companions, Volpatti would point out some unexpected stroke of beauty or vigour in the student's work, and say encouragingly: "Never mind them; this will live when they are forgotten."

To his students, generally speaking, Volpatti paid little attention; at most he devoted to them two or three hours in each day; but Canova and Raffaëlle were especial favourites, and constantly with him; they were allowed, too, the rare privilege of occasionally modelling and drawing from the beautiful face of Domenica; and, indeed, Raffaëlle was once heard to say that this was the only inducement he had to spend so much of his time in study. These two young men could not so constantly be in the company of the girl without imbibing a deeper feeling than admiration; they became rivals—rivals in love, and in the pursuit of fame. Raffaëlle whispered soft words and honeyed phrases in the maiden's ear; Canova, with a higher sense of honour, applied to the father. Volpatti himself was undecided: he loved Canova for his mild and unassuming manners; but he felt that Morghen was more fitted to win a lady's love.

"Win and wear her," at last he said; "you have both equal pretensions, and both profess equal love for my child. I propose a trial of skill between you: you shall each draw a picture for which Domenica shall sit, and he who succeeds best shall receive my sanction to win her affection." With this decree the suiters appeared satisfied: Canova felt a modest confidence in his own powers, and Raffaëlle had reasons of his own for being pretty certain of success. Domenica herself chose her part; she would be drawn as the young daughter of Erisichthon, who, to solace her father's poverty, assumed various forms, thus enabling him to sell her over and over again. She was first sold as a young slave; and no sooner was the money paid, than she took the shape of a white dove and fled away. There was a roguery in this transaction that suited well Domenica's character; and the contrast presented by the playful expression of her face, the satisfaction of Erisichthon, and the eager anxiety of the buyer offered scope for a clever picture; and Raffaëlle, animated by hope, bade fair to profit by it. But with Canova the maiden was not so condescending—she did not know what form she would choose—she would consider, and then she altered her mind—she would be Proserpine to day—to-morrow Hebe—and when at last her father insisted on her giving her suiters fair play and equal time, she changed her countenance so often, looking now in scorn, now in sorrow—closing her eyes as in sleep—pouting her lips as in vexation—that poor Canova threw down his pencil in despair, and declared it was impossible to paint by day her Proteus-like face. "Try it at night, then," whispered Hope; and Antonio followed the suggestion. At night he shut himself alone, and calling upon his memory for every feature of the divine face he had gazed on so long and so often, he drew and drew, never satisfying himself, yet at every attempt approaching nearer the original.

All this time Domenica laughed to herself at the good success of her stratagem; and the good Volpatti, who had a strong secret liking for Canova, said, "Well, Antonio, this will never do; you must try again."

On the appointed day, the pictures were exposed for the judgment of the publick. They hung side by side, and were both covered by a thick curtain, till the connoisseurs of Rome were assembled. At last the room was filled; Canova, Volpatti, and Raffaëlle standing together in front—the latter with a wel satisfied expression on his face, arising from the contempt in which he held his rival's production: Canova in a state of nervous anxiety, which fame alone would never have excited. The curtain was drawn. On one side appeared the daughter of Erisichthon in gorgeous apparel, giving her hand to her purchaser, with eyes cast down laughingly, as if rejoicing in her expected escape from his clutches. On the other, Domenica, in a simple white robe, with a garland of flowers in her hand. The mind of her lover had infused some portion of its own purity into the work of his hand. Her eyes were, in this instance too, fixed on the ground, but with an expression of modesty that bespoke the favour of all beholders. Volpatti clasped Canova' hand warmly: "You have done her justice," he said, "and you alone." The assembly agreed with the father, and one old artist quite decided the question, by saying, "Morghen has drawn the artist's daughter as a slave, but Canova has represented a goddess in the artist's daughter."

They went home; but when Volpatti led Canova up to Domenica, and desired her to look on Antonio as her future husband, the girl's cheek turned very pale, and her eyes filled with tears, which wounded the very heart of her lover. But she became calm, and from that time forward showed no token of dislike to him. The truth was, that with wicked wit at will, the girl loved and reverenced her father, and when once he had issued his positive command, she was determined to obey it to the best of her power. Once, only once, did she give way to the feelings of a proud heart and wounded spirit. It was on the eve of her nuptials; she was seated in a verandah behind the house, and Raffaëlle leaned over her: he had begged this interview so passionately that she could not refuse it. Was it not the last?—the last!—Alas! the power of those two little words!

"If he were any thing but such a very lout," said Morghen, "methinks I should not so much grieve; but to sacrifice you to such as he, Domenica—the head of an ass on a porcupine's shoulders!"

"Nay," replied Domenica, "you may spare him more, and yet there will be room enough to blame. My father says he is clever; I would he were less so, and more like thee, Raffaëlle. He cannot speak to me without stammering, and when he attempts to look with loving eyes, ye gods! Raffaëlle, didst ever see a cat eyeing a young mouse after a two days' fast?"

"But thou, Domenica, thou art too patient in endurance; wherefore not tell him at once that he is a churl, and that thou canst not abide him!"

"Nay, Morghen, my father's commands are decisive, and I, for whom alone he lives, will never be the child to wound him. I will obey him in the spirit and the letter—never shall Antonio know my opinion of him, and when I am married I will do my best to please him. If he were but less unmannerly—why he has less of *gentilezza* than the baker's man—dost see him, Raffaëlle, leaning over the low parapet wall? he comes every evening to court my maid Barbara; he waits for her there, and when she comes, it is 'Kiss me, pretty one, and thou shalt have three cakes for thy supper to thy master's one.' So Canova says to me, 'Smile again, Domenica, and thou shalt go down to posterity as a very Venus.' They say he was once a peasant in Bassano; would he had remained so!"

"Would he had, lady!" answered the baker's man, as, turning round and advancing to the verandah, he removed his slouched hat, and showed them the features of Canova. "Would he had, indeed, lady!—he had escaped the agony of hearing this bitter mockery from one who is dearer to him than life: and yet, Domenica, I blame thee not; it is well I have heard it in time. Be happy," he said, "together, Domenica!—your hand, in token that I forgive you freely. Be happy," he continued, placing it in that of Raffaëlle: "the bitterness is over now: farewell!"

"Morghen," said the lady, as in silent astonishment they listened to his departing footsteps, "couldst thou have done this!"

But this was not all. Anxious to spare Domenica the reproaches of her father, Antonio went to the old man, and took all the blame of their separation on himself. He had changed his plans; he would become a sculptor, and sculpture required the severest study. A wife would but encumber him; he would never marry; he would be wedded to his art, and his works should be his children to perpetuate his name. Volpatti remonstrated warmly, for he knew his worth.

"I know your thoughts," he said; "you think my daughter scorns you; you told me but yesterday that you were ill fitted to win the smiles of a fair lady; trust me, it is but maiden modesty; trust me, time will win her."

The temptation was strong, but Canova yielded not. So they parted at last, with something of anger on Volpatti's side, for he rightly loved the youth. But after the marriage of Domenica and Morghen, the latter told him the whole truth, and Volpatti was happy to feel his former affection justified. He knew it was too late to blame his child, therefore he only said—"Domenica! you know not what a noble heart you have rejected. If you had heard him plead for you when he said, 'Master, if you love me, if you value my services, prove it by gratifying the wish of my heart; make your daughter and Morghen happy together.' If you had heard this, you could scarcely have rejected him."

DECEPTION.

What is a gentleman! Oh question most knotty to answer! Is it that suit of broadcloth drawn smoothly over a well-formed figure, strutting Broadway! Young ladies in their teens, with all their common sense in their eyes, say so.

Is it not rather yon withered crab-apple driving his blood-horse with fury, who writes esquire after his name, and answers to the fraternity of one hundred thousand! Ambitious mothers affirm it with solemnity of feature, (and an eye to their daughters.)

But perhaps that thread-bare, pale-faced mortal approaching, with book in arm, claims the appellation. Who supports him? All the young authorlings and album misses *demand* it for *him*.

No matter; he with whom we wish you, dear reader, to hold converse for a moment, is the father of a lovely family; the husband of a lovely wife; the master of a lovely income; he is therefore considered a fairly graduated gentleman.

This is in daylight, when the searching sun is abroad; in true faith, your best justice of the peace, for he keeps a steady eye on delinquents, and prevents more crimes than half the police establishments in the wide world.

But when night (that bosom-friend of villains!) wraps the world up snugly in her black over-coat, mark our daylight-gentleman stealing forth, under pretence, as he has just told his fair wife, in an equivoque, of "attending to money-matters, and turning a card to advantage," by calling at auction-rooms, looking at to-morrow's catalogue, seeing which way the wind turns, etc. He bears down the street with rapid and fitful stride, which nearly lapses into an actual trot.

He turns a corner into a less fashionable street than that in which he resides, and then into another more vulgar; a third corner, and he is at a door distinguished by its red curtain, as broadly and discreditably as the pirate-vessel by its flag of black; he enters, and hailing a few choice spirits at a table, takes his seat with them, and in their game (cards) "plays his part." In a short time his blood is warmed with excitement, his agitation increases, he stakes a large sum, loses, and drawing forth his pocket-book, pays it. At the same time he produces a scrap of paper, and with his pencil scrawls a dozen or twenty lines, and leaving the "devil's ordinary," turns his step toward Wall-street, stops at a certain office, delivers his manuscript, and returns home.

The next morning in one of the newspapers you will find the following pleasant piece of reading:

"Lost, in passing through Chamber-street, on the sixteenth instant, a pocket-book with the initials J. R. stamped in gilt on the back, containing the following bills: two tens of the Mechanick's bank; one fifty, bank of America; six fives of the Branch; two one hundred's of the North-River; together with other bills, memorandums and notes which could be of no use but to the owner. A reward of fifty dollars will be given to the finder, by returning them at No. 19 ——street.

"My dear, I should like to call at Stewart's to-day, for the shawl I selected on Saturday; have you any bills?"

"None, my love; I am penniless this morning."

"How can that be; where is the money I saw last night! Your pocket-book was bursting with it."

Here the nocturnal gentleman hands his spouse interrogatory the above paragraph; she is of course considerably surprised, but by no means thunderstruck, for such accidents and advertisements are quite frequent—an every-day matter.

A week passes away, however, and no tidings are heard of the lost pocket-book; when, just at the hour of dinner, a shabby-genteel personage rings the bell, and has "something of importance to communicate." The lady herself chances to be in the hall and puts a question with regard to the "something," and finds it refers to the lost bills. "Walk into the parlour, my husband will speak to you at once, on *that* subject."

"Well, sur, I've found some of those things the paper spoke of" The gentleman coloured slightly and asked for them. "Here they be, sur," (fumbling in the bottom of his pocket,) "the notes and 'randums wasn't visible when I looked in Chamber-street for 'em;" (this he said with a knowing leer.) Meanwhile the gentleman's countenance was playing the rainbow quite skilfully; red, blue, and white, chased each other over his face, and a drop of perspiration occasionally oozed out upon his forehead. He counted them over and finding each individual bill there as recited in the advertisement, and apparently satisfied, gave the fellow his "reward."

A short time after this, the gentleman's wife purchased a few articles at a store in Maiden-lane, and offered one of these bills in payment; it was pronounced counterfeit.

Let us now unravel a little this "weaved-up folly." The daylight gentleman, (as we have named him,) held an honourable station and deportment in society, exemplary in business, punctual in payments, prompt at church-going. But his stock of virtue, seemed utterly to fail him at night-fall; he left his home, held intercourse with gamblers, drained his purse, and on this occasion, (by the mischance of having previously shown it to his bosom companion,) advertised it as "lost." It was lost, but only as an offering, a windfall and god-send to the wretched demon of play. During the game of cards, of which we have spoken, the counterfeiter was in the play-room, saw the money lost and won, the day after read the advertisement, and availed himself of his knowledge of the transaction to force upon the gambling gentleman a parcel of his forged bills, at the cost of fifty dollars; a tax from seeming virtue to open impudence

The publick press was thus made an engine of deception, falsehood nursed and nurtured by gambling, counterfeiting sanctioned, and "high heaven" made to blush for the weak wickedness of its own children. Thus can one hypocrite become a dark, inky stream, which in its course shall pollute, blacken, wither everything.

N. Y. Mirror.

SUMMARY.

Earthquake at Omoa.—The New Orleans Bulletin contains the following extract of a letter, dated

Omoa, Feb. 7, 1835.

"The most tremendous irruptions of volcanoes have taken place in the interior upon record—five burst simultaneously in different places, attended with tremendous earthquakes which sunk three large towns, besides many villages, so that no trace of them remains, and destroyed a large portion of St. Miguel and St. Salvador. The air was so obscured by ashes and smoke, that for eight days the inhabitants were obliged to groupe their way with torches. The reports were like the firing of musketry and cannon, attended with showers of rocks, stones, and cinders. The lava in some places ran the distance of sixty leagues, destroying every thing in its course. In Alancho they thought the day of judgment had arrived, and more than three hundred marriages took place among people who had previously lived in a state of concubinage. I think a visitation of that kind might be beneficial in New Orleans. The earthquakes were felt very sensibly both here and in Truxillo, and the reports of the irruptions a long way to the northward of Belize. The ashes fell here for about twenty hours like snow, and it was so dark as to require candles at 12 o'clock, A. M. One volcano burst about forty miles back of Truxillo."

New Orleans, March 23.—The captain of the schr. Rolins, which arrived here yesterday from Tuspan, informs us that there had been four persons found murdered upon the island of Lobos. At the time when the natives found the dead bodies, they saw a boat pulling away from the island, which they said had either been wrecked or shot into. One of the persons had his head severed from his body, another had his arm cut off, and all of them much mangled.—*Bulletin.*

Augusta, April 1.—We regret to announce the destruction by fire of the steamboat Augusta. She reached the wharf from Savannah at 8 o'clock last night with two boats in tow, and at 12 was discovered to be on fire! Whether the fire had progressed so far, when discovered, so as to prevent scuttling and sinking her, we cannot tell; but the boat, and her contents, which, we learn were trifling, have been destroyed. It is thought the machinery must be injured by the fire so as to be useless.

The British American Hotel has been destroyed by fire at Quebec—insured for $7,200.

The U. S. Circuit Court commenced its spring term at Trenton on Tuesday last—Judges Baldwin and Russell presiding. The Grand Jury presented a bill against '*Squire* Wm. Platt, the Barnegat Justice who led the Marshall such a chase last winter, for stealing a bag of coffee from the schr. Henry Franklin, on the 19th Nov to which he pleaded not guilty. The Jury were inquiring into the cases of alleged piracy at Squam Beach, and had sent for more witnesses on Saturday. The prisoners who have been in the jail of this county for some months on the charge of piracy, have been taken to Trenton.—*Newark Adv.*

The President has recognized George Henrich Siemon, as Consul of Bavaria for New York—Joan Vaughan as Consul of Portugal for Pennsylvania and West Jersey, and D. Mancel Valdor, as Consul of Portugal for Baltimore and Maryland.

Fire at Ogsdenburgh.—A fire broke out in Ogdensburgh on the 30th ult., in a building occupied by Messrs. Rockwell, Field, Kirk, and Shepherd, for various mechanical employments, and owned by Mr. Bacon, which was entirely consumed. The aggregate loss was $6,000; insurance $2,800.

The *Vandalia*, the American sloop of war, anchored at Vera Cruz on the 8th March.

Distressing Occurrence.—Two dwelling houses at Boothbay, Me., one of them belonging to Mr. Gilas Tibbetts and the other to his son, were burnt to the ground on Tuesday night of last week, and an interesting little girl eleven years old perished in the flames.

No Reform BILL *to be brought in!*—The London Morning Herald, which originated the gossip about the Queen, has the following:—"We have authority to say, that there is no truth in the statement which has lately been circulated as to the *interesting* situation of her Majesty the Queen."—*Man.*

The protracted cold and snow of this winter has been propitious to farmers and lumbermen, and by the latter it is understood a greater quantity of logs will be ready for market than ever before at one season. Every indication is favourable to an early freshet to bring the logs to the mills; and thus this season unlike the last, opens to those engaged in the milling or lumbering business, with the most flattering prospects. It is calculated that there will be sawed upon the Penobscot this yeat, 150,000,000 feet of boards, which will sell at the mills for nearly three millions of dollars!—The immense resources of this section of the state, are but just being developed and understood.—*Belfast, Me. Advocate.*

The *Morocco Lion* was sold at auction on Saturday, at Washington, for $3,350. The highest bidder was the agent of a Menagerie in Boston.

New Catholic Convent.—The Church of Rome has appropriated $60,000 for the establishment of a Catholic Convent, at Bertrand, Michigan.

It is computed that the use of anthracite coal would save to each steamboat an average of $19,200 per annum.

It is ascertained that the deplorable affliction of being born deaf and dumb runs in particular families. In one family, near London, out of ten children, seven are in this state. The proportion in twenty families was found lately to be 90 out of 159.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. Francis B. Ball, to Miss Elizabeth M. Meginn, both of this city.

On the 1st. inst. by the Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. Napier Lothian, to Mrs. Martha Ann Barnes, both of this city.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. Milner, Mr. John Stoutenburgh, to Miss Jane McAlpine, all of this city.

On Saturday afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Warner Willsey, to Miss Hannah Embree, all of Greenburgh, Westchester Co. N. Y.

In Brooklyn, by the Rev. J. S. Spencer, Mr. Andrew Ayres, of New York, to Miss Mary Jane, only daughter of Mr. Henry Spies, of the former place.

At Paterson, N. J. on the 2d inst by the Rev. Mr. Vandevoort, Mr. Robert McCully, to Miss Elizabeth Garland, all of Paterson.

On Tuesday evening, March 21st. by the Rev. Henry Anthon, Mr. Ferdinand J. Myers, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Ann Eliza Smith, of this city.

DIED:

On Tuesday morning, the 7th inst. of apoplexy, Joel Post, in the 67 year of his age.

On Monday morning, Mr. Nathaniel Hunt, in the 70 year of his age.

April 4, Geo. Beale, late a Purser in the Navy of the U. S. after a severe and lingering illness.

On Tuesday evening, after a short and severe illness, Mrs, Jane Blakely, in the 68th year of her age.

On Monday morning, Mr. James Hayes, aged 97 years, a soldier of the Revolutionar War.

April 5, Hannah Anderson, relict of the late James Anderson, in the 71st year of her age.

THE LONDON TIMES.

[The following statement, from Tait's Magazine, almost staggers belief. We scarcely know what to think of it. The people on this side of the water can form no idea of the power, influence and wealth of the Times newspaper. The income of all the journals in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore would not make up the amount derived from the "London mammoth *alone!*" There's a pretty confession; but we are afraid it is even more true than pretty. What monarchs the editors and proprietors must be! No wonder they ride in their coaches, live like fighting-cocks, and "govern the world under the mysterious appellation of *we!*" And then there is the great Mr. Sterling! Reader, did you ever hear of such an absolute potentate? Why, all the editors in the United States—including *us*, of course!—would hardly make up his sum of importance! He is a man-monster; but, it's very well for the little Mirror that the broad Atlantick rolls between it and the gigantick Times, or we should not be bold enough to mention the august name of its principal writer in this unbecoming manner! He would, no doubt, totally and for ever annihilate and bury our humble quarto, ocean deep, with one flourish of his angry and terrifick pen, if we published in the old instead of the new world, where editors are no better than other folks, and have an undoubted right to speak their minds! Seriously, we should think the colossus of the Times would give the writer of the subjoined article very little thanks for "violating his stipulated cognomen!" and wo unto the poor wight who brings down the *thunder* of the Times upon his unhappy pericranium. Most fervently do we pray that the great Mr. Sterling may never behold this paragraph: if he should, however, we will be qualified before any magistrate in the United Kingdom, that *we* never wrote it. We publish it, however; but, we beg him to understand, not without fear and trembling.—EDS. N. Y. MIRROR.]

"If I live to return to London, I will tear the mask off these men, and show the publick what sort of persons they are who thus govern the world under the mysterious appellation of 'We.'"—*Speech of D. O'Connell.*

Mr. O'Connell, you are right. It is due to justice, to honour, to liberty, and to the magnanimous character of this nation, that these men should be unmasked. When so vast an influence is exercised by the press, it is merciless that the mask should be worn: the most distinguished of our publick men, themselves unprotected by the vizor, have thus fallen by mysterious hands—stabbed in the back by men who fight upon the 'vantage ground. As circumstances have given us an extensive knowledge of the *personel* of the press, we are willing to lend a passing hand in this good cause.

The order to be observed, in our account of the newspaper press, is evidently to examine its divisions as they principally appear before the publick eye. These are, *first*, the morning daily newspapers; *second*, the evening papers; and *third*, the interminable varieties of the weekly press.

Accordingly, we proceed to raise the curtain upon the operators at the morning newspapers, commencing with that monarch of periodical literature—the all-powerful *Times*.

The Times is a joint-stock company. It is held in twenty-four shares, which, in the time of the late Mr. Walter—the father of the present honourable member for Berkshire—were sold at the low rate of one hundred pounds per share. Through the exertions of that talented, high-minded, and much-persecuted man, and the continued exertions and talent displayed by his son, this once insignificant concern has risen to its present extraordinary height of prosperity and power in the political world. It is now valued at the rate of twenty thousand pounds per share. Of the number of shares, sixteen, or two-thirds of the whole, are the property of Mr. Walter himself—he deriving from his interest in the Times an income of more than twenty thousand pounds per annum, and this continually on the increase. For many years he was the managing proprietor—receiving an additional allowance of two thousand pounds per annum; but since the acquisition of his very enormous fortune, he has retired from Printing-House Square, and set up in the capacity of a country gentleman. He now, in no way whatever, interferes in the management of the Times.

The great gun of the establishment is now a Mr. Sterling. This gentleman was a captain in the army, and served in the peninsular war. He is well known to the duke of Wellington; and though no longer connected with the service, he yet continues to reside at Knightsbridge, opposite the horse-barracks, and in the constant society of military men. He is the writer of the principal leading matter of the Times—all the "thunder" of that journal having, for now a number of years proceeded from his pen. He first introduced himself to the concern by sending in a series of letters under the signature of "Vetus," the brilliancy of thought of which procured him an engagement, upon terms which have been continually increasing to his present great salary of one thousand five hundred pounds per year. Mr. Sterling has, however, no connexion with the general business of the establishment, receiving that large income only for sending in from his own fireside the principal leader of the day. He is possessed of the most rapid and extraordinary powers of composition—sometimes producing in a single hour a full column of matter—compared to which nothing certainly has been seen in the political literature of England since the days of Swift. It is mere style, however, for which this gentleman is distinguished; for, in the impetuosity and fire of his mind, political principles are deserted, returned to, and deserted again, with all that rapidity which gives so strong a character for inconsistency to the politicks of the Times. This has often been felt by the proprietors; but so military are his deportment, habits, and political views, and so proud and unmanageable the temper of the man, that they are compelled to bear much upon this head, for the influence derived from the power and splendour of his style. Thus does Mr. Sterling carry over the Times to which camp he will. The present support of the government of the duke of Wellington is entirely attributable to him. It is not asserted, however, that there is any thing corrupt in his motives—for Mr. Sterling is a man who would neither brook the control nor touch the mercenary gold of the mightiest monarch on the globe. The publick may rest assured that he never will be enslaved by any party whatsoever, nor part with the power to dash into ten thousand pieces all who shall dare prove disobedient to his will. Thus, in his rage at being baffled in his efforts to prevent the passing of the poor-law bill, he has malleted out the brains of the fallen tumbler of Vauxhall. The somewhat brutal attacks upon Mr. O'Connell respecting his rent—an affair altogether of a private nature between himself and those who choose to retain him in the service of his country; the scorn heaped upon that invaluable publick servant, whom he designates as "a Mr. Joseph Hume;" the abuse of that accomplished politician, "his apprentice Roebuck," who presumed, contrary to the will of Mr. Sterling, to prevent a contemptible little tory from becoming the representative for Bath; all the abuse of the "dirty Radicals," the "Kensington butcher," and the "Brummagen Hampden," proceed from the pen of this Man in the Iron Mask. So great is his power for evil or for good, and so savage is the use which he latterly has made of his abilities, that it really is high time that the people of England should know something of the profession and temper of a man, who thus, from his house at Knightsbridge, can fling down, as he would make believe, ministers of state, and make and mar whom he will. Let us hope that he will become more moderate now that he is known, and that these lines will be felt as a salutary hook in the nose of this leviathan of all the waters of the political world.

Next in importance as manager, or what is termed "the responsible editor" of the Times, is a gentleman named Barnes. The thunder has long been wrongfully attributed to him. He seldom indeed produces original matter of any kind—and then principally upon subjects of literature and the fine arts. He is an excellent linguist, and a very learned and accomplished man. He is also an indefatigable man of business, and, by night and by day, none can labour harder at the wheel. His salary is one thousand pounds a-year, and he is now the possessor of one-half of a twenty-fourth share in the concern. Possessed of a well-ordered and very comprehensive mind, this gentleman carries on, with infinite ability, the whole machinery of the vast establishment of Printing-House Square. Whether in the appointment of correspondents abroad, or in the selection of the corps of reporters and others, who in numbers are supported from the profuse and well-directed expenditure of the establishment, the discernment of Mr Barnes is seen in every number of the Times. He exacts the most implicit obedience to his will; and, excepting the mighty Mr. Sterling, all bow down to Mr. Barnes. In politicks his views are favourable to liberty—he feels the dignity of his post, despises all attempts to draw him from his own course—has no disposition to abuse his power, and is, in every respect, a fair and honourable man. Therefore we advise him to live farther from Printing-House Square than his present house in the Borough; and thus, taking more pedestrian exercise, endanger not himself, from huge overgrowth of body and from over-exertion of the mind—to that kind of dissolution—which comes "as butcher fells an ox."

The division of the Times called "the city article," is written by Mr Alsager, a gentleman in Birchin-lane. He has the large salary of eight hundred pounds per annum, which he, indeed very amply deserves. Mr. Alsager is possessed of the most comprehensive knowledge of the principles of commerce and finance, through which he has rendered important services to his country through the columns of the Times, and also, by well-directed speculations, procured a considerable fortune for himself. His opinions are of great weight among the monetory bodies in the city, and many a tremendous blunder his warnings have prevented among the men who, seated in a parlour in Threadneedle-street, have the keeping of the welfare of the millions of the greatest empire on the earth. Were things well ordered in this commercial community, such men as Mr. Alsager would become chancellors of the exchequer and the like. Sheep-feeding lords make sad slaughter in finance.

Mr. Bacon is the sub editor of the Times; he and Mr. Murray write well and in a smooth style. Mr. Walter himself has not force enough for the Times;—and knowing that Mr. Barnes has a decided objection to his matter, he has long had too much judgment to attempt any thing of the kind. The productions of Mr. Sterling have been frequently attributed to Lord Brougham. Every possible precaution is taken to conceal this Mr. Sterling; and a reporter who wishes to remain upon the Times, must be at a considerable distance from any third person, and look very carefully round all points of the compass, before he will venture even to mention his very name. It is death without benefit of clergy. Altogether, there is no newspaper establishment in the world which can bear the shadow of a comparison with this; and notwithstanding the armies of enemies raised up by the occasional indiscretions of Mr. Sterling, there cannot be a doubt that the Times will very long continue to maintain a considerable share of power in the political world.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Beauty, like the rose,
Dying, as it blows,
Soon decayeth;
As soon as beauty dies,
The passion for it flies.
Its love, a passing feeling,
Exhausts itself in stealing,
Never strayeth;
For all earthly things keep turning
Or consume themselves in burning.

The beauty of the mind
And of soul when combin'd
Ever groweth
As the river from the mountain
Is increased by every fountain.
Its love, a spring of pure delight
Absorbing all things in its flight
Ever floweth;
As the ripple on ths ocean
Spreads and strengthens by commotion.

Beauty's love owes its birth
And its nature to the earth,
But the soul draws its love
And its feeling from above.

MR. VERPLANK'S DISCOURSE.

[The following are extracts from a "Discourse on the Influence of Moral Causes on Opinion, Science and Literature." By Gulian C. Verplanck, LL. D. Delivered on the day before the late commencement of Amhers College, Massachusetts, at the request of the literary societies connected with that institution.]

INFLUENCE OF THE MORAL FACULTIES UPON BELIEF AND OPINION.

"There is a dogma taught in some schools of metaphysicks, that belief is wholly involuntary; and that, as opinions must depend entirely upon the reasons presented to the mind's consideration, they can have no moral character, good or evil. If this doctrine be true, it would seem to follow, that belief and opinion must be just as independent of all moral influences in their origin and formation, as they are in their issue and character. This is a dogma that has passed from the books and schools of philosophy to the forum and the senate, furnished argument for the grave review and the popular harangue, and has served as the foundation of reasoning and declamation, sometimes in the cause of skeptical indifference, and sometimes, better employed, in the service of toleration and equal laws. It contains a remarkable mixture of truth and errour, and the limits of each are indicated and well defined by the purposes to which the doctrine has been applied, and by the consequences deduced from it. As applied to enforce a liberal and just tolerance of sentiment toward difference of faith or opinion, it points out correctly the numerous sources of innocent errour, from some one or other of which no mind can be wholly exempt. There are the errours of involuntary ignorance; there are those springing from ideas early instilled by education, and strengthened by youthful associations—unfounded, unexamined, it may probably be—unsuspected, but yet inwrought deeply into our dearest sympathies and best affections; there are errours from erroneous information, and facts believed on authority respectable in itself, or venerable in our eyes from gratitude or love, from custom or prejudice: errours, again, arising from the peculiar personal character of the individual, his turn of thought, his capacity for reasoning, his desires, appetites, habits, his very physical constitution, and circumstances in life. Thus it may often happen that the mixture and association of the best sentiments and the most essential truths with baser materials, are often as real and as excusable causes of errour as perfectly involuntary ignorance. Involuntary ignorance, moreover, in a being so limited as individual man, while the collective knowledge and the pressing duties of his species are so vast, is by no means confined to the least-informed portions of society. In the honest language of the sternest and most uncompromising of modern controversialists, (Horsley,) "though truth can be but on one side, sincerity may be on both." Such is the lesson of tolerance for his fellows, that the contemplation of man's weakness and fallibility ought to teach him. But a closer inspection of our own minds and hearts will show us yet other principles at work in the formation of opinion, always operating upon such opinions as are connected with the conduct and business of life, or the regulation of the heart and the desires—often affecting the speculative reason, and sometimes even the observations and conclusions of physical philosophy. The mind has a strange capacity of deceiving itself as to what is, or is not, the just inference of the evidence within its reach. It can wilfully turn away altogether from the most important considerations, or pass them over with a slight glance. It can view things, not as they appear in the clear, colourless ray of reason, but as they show discoloured by interest, prejudice or ridicule, according as the fashion of the world throws upon them the many changing colours of its ever-turning prism. It can acquiesce in the first plausible conclusions that may coincide with the interests or the fancies of the individual, and resolve to think no farther. It can obstinately shrink back from the painful task of unsettling early opinions, and plucking up maxims and doctrines that have been implanted early, and have intwined their roots with every fibre. The prejudiced individual may (to borrow the Baconian imagery) obstinately refuse to look forth into the broad daylight, and perversely form his judgment of all things from those dim shadows that flit across the darkened cavern of his intellect; where he has erected the shrine of the idol of his secret worship, upon whose altars sometimes truth and sometimes virtue is the sacrifice. Facts may be assumed upon authority, without investigation, because we wish them to be true, and would rather take them as such, than undergo the labour of examination, with the hazard of enduring the mortification of finding them refuted. Nay more, experience has a thousand times shown, what otherwise would seem incredible, that when the strongest and clearest evidence has been forced upon the mind, its power can be completely deadened and resisted by mere habit, or pure mental indolence. Above all, words, mere words, may be taken without ever weighing their real meaning, or considering whether they have any meaning at all, and pass so current for realities, that thus a man may go through life in the loud and fervent profession of doctrines or facts, without the slightest suspicion that he is utterly ignorant of what those facts or doctrines may be—without realizing them in any actual application to nature or life, and, it may be, in the daily contradiction of his personal conduct to the words constantly upon his tongue. Thus it is, in another view of the question, that errour may be very far from guiltless; that the moral faculties have much to do in the formation of opinion and the discovery of truth. From all this it follows, that the true philosophy of the laws of belief, on the one hand, bids us beware of too hasty and confident a reliance on our own judgment, and, still more, of rash scorn for the minds, or hatred for the persons, of those who range themselves under opposing banners to our own on the great questions which divide society; while, on the other side, it teaches us no less imperatively that we are morally accountable for the right operations of our intellect, and the proper use of the means of ascertaining truth, placed within our reach."

THE LOVE OF TRUTH AND THE INFLUENCE OF OTHER MOTIVES THAN THAT UPON SCIENCE.

"The naked desire of knowledge may be considered as a mere instinct of our nature; a rational instinct, when it covets objects of inquiry fitted to engage our reason, but becoming mere idle curiosity when it turns wholly to petty objects and trifling inquiries, the solace of indolence, that dreads vacuity and fears labour. This natural propensity, then, only assumes the character of virtue when it becomes the desire of gaining knowledge and possessing truth, solely for their own sakes, as objects and ends worthy the pursuit, and fitting the capacities of an immortal mind, or, if viewed as means at all, only as the means of effecting greater good to man, or of more worthily serving the Giver of all wisdom. Then is this desire most truly a virtue when it is most pure from the mixture of all other and personal motives—when the knowledge to be gained and the talent won are not looked for to serve as the food of vanity, or the instruments of ambition, to aid in satisfying the craving for notoriety, or the lust of power. Would you know what is the effect of such mixed motives upon science? Look back upon its history. Take, for instance, those parts of physical science where one would think moral motives could least operate. Antiquity might boast of minds as acute, as daring, as inquisitive, as comprehensive, as patient of labour, as eager for glory, as any that later times have produced. Why, then, did these great men, the doctors of the Portico or the Academy, or those earlier eastern sages from whom they acquired their first lights, or the no less laborious and subtle disputants of the middle ages, to whom they handed down their vain and empty wisdom—why were all these so long bewildered in the maze of words? It was simply because they sought not so much truth itself as glory to themselves—not the knowledge of what is, but the victory of their party and the fame of its leaders. These self-styled lovers of wisdom, instead of being humble seekers for truth, were the ambitious heads of literary factions, struggling for popular favour, and anxious to gain fame by dazzling novelty of hypothesis, by ingenious conjecture, by eloquent declamation, or by acute and perplexing verbal subtlety of argument, proud to baffle their opponents by sophism, nor ashamed to overwhelm them by dogmatical denunciation. Hence, for century after century, while art advanced slowly, and but slowly, as it must ever do when unaided by reasoning from the more general laws of nature which govern its particular applications—all that called itself science was a jargon of words, or at best a system of plausible conjectures. I need not tell you how all this was dispersed into thin air by the philosophy of Bacon indicating those laws of laws that guide to the right study of nature, and, still more, by the successful application of that speculative philosophy by Newton and his followers. What is most to our present purpose, in the history of that great philosophical revolution, is, that it was mainly a reformation in the moral character of physical investigation. It is in the greater simplicity of spirit with which truth has been sought—in the comparative rejection of party spirit and pride of opinion—in the frank confession of the imperfections of our actual knowledge—in the increasing conviction of the inability of our limited minds to comprehend all the multiplied relations of the works of infinite wisdom and power—in the consequent lowly accuracy of observation and conscientious honesty of statement—in the willingness to surrender the pride of fancied knowledge whenever new and surer light opened upon the inquirer—in all these moral causes, far more than in the profoundest wisdom of Bacon, the most patient investigation, the grandest and broadest inductions of Newton, or the most sagacious and delicate analysis of the chymists of our own age, do we behold the chief fountains of those floods of science which now pour themselves forth on every side, to fertilize and gladden the world. Or rather let us say, that in Bacon's profound speculation—in the grand, experimental, and inductive investigations of Newton—in the sagacious and powerful analysis of Davy or Berzelius, we see but the natural workings, the products and fruits of these moral causes. These have made physical philosophy lay aside its proud reasoning, as to what must be, and what ought to be, and content itself with the diligent and faithful search of the knowledge of what is."

DAILY PAPER FOR SALE.

ONE half of one of the most extensive and popular newspaper establishments in New England is offered for sale on liberal terms, which will be made known on application, (if by letter, post paid,) to the Editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, 189 Broadway, of whom particular information may be obtained relative to its character and condition. In addition to a daily paper, which has a wide circulation and a highly lucrative advertising patronage, a semi-weekly and weekly newspaper is issued from the same office, yielding a very handsome profit to the proprietors. jan. 1.—tf

E. FORBES,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 15 Ann st. (3d Story) New York, All orders punctually attended to and neatly executed. j31

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.

FOR sale at the Manufactory, No 67 Watt-st. New York; also gold, silver and German bronzes, warranted, superior quality, at the lowest prices.

N. B. Dentist's gold, silver, and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charges, by GEORGE S. WAITE.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

J. & W. SANDFORD beg to announce to their friends and the public, that having taken the Printing establishment lately occupied by Mr. G. W. Smith, No. 17 Ann street, they have amply furnished it with new and elegant materials for executing all kinds of Book, Newspaper, and Fancy Job Printing, on liberal terms and at short notice. Any orders entrusted to them will be tastefully and promptly fulfilled, and they trust by strict attention to business, and moderate charges, to merit a portion of the patronage of an intelligent community.

New-York, Jan. 31, 1835. 5tf

NEW AND FASHIONABLE HAT STORE,

NO. 1½ Courtland street, only two doors from Broadway. The Subscribers beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public, that they have commenced the manufacturing of Extra Fine Satin Beaver Hats, which they offer for sale, either by a single Hat or Case, at very low prices: and they are satisfied, a Trial is only necessary to satisfy the Public, that they cannot be supplied elsewhere on such advantageous terms. Superior Beaver Hats of the latest fashion always on sale. Single Hats made to order on the shortest possible notice.

j31 TREVALL, STODART & CO.

PERFUMERY.

THE celebrated Perfumery Establishment of N. Prentis and Co. is continued by his late Partner and Son-in-law, RICHARD PARKER, at 30 John street, next door to the Church, where he continues to manufacture, as formerly, Perfumery, Cosmetics, Fancy Soaps, &c. on the most approved principles. j31

FASHIONABLE MILLENERY.

MRS. NIDDS, from Paris and London, begs leave to inform the public that she continues to receive from those cities elegant assortments of the newest fashions and most approved articles, which she will be happy to submit to their inspection at No. 455 Pearl st. near Chatham street. Leghorn and straw hats cleaned and pressed.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. DE ANGELIS, formerly a practitioner of Medicine in the Hospitals of Naples, and member of the Medical Society of New-York, ever since its commencement, whose wonderful cures during thirty-six year's practice, are generally known in the city of New-York and other places of America, and whose simple, but very efficacious medicines have produced the most desiring effects in the most obstinate and inveterate diseases, and often in desperate cases. Application may be made at his office, No. 196 Fulton-street, nearly opposite Church-street, where he offers his services to his friends and the public. Dr. De Angelis has effected a cure in many cases which had baffled all the resources of the medical art; but he cites only one. Copy of a letter from Doctors Osborne and Ireland, physicians of this city, to Dr. De Angelis:

116 Fulton street, Dec. 6, 1819.

Sir—We have no hesitation in replying to your note, in saying you deserve much credit for your successful treatment of Mr. John Thorn, after it had baffled physicians both here and in a more favorable climate. We are your obedient servants,

SAMUEL OSBORNE, M. D.
W. H. IRELAND, M. D.

N. B. At the doctor's office may be obtained his Vermifuge Medicines, for the effectual cure of worms in children, which are peculiarly useful in families. mar 29

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE Gentlemen of New York are respectfully informed, that the *Hair Cutting* rooms, 175 Broadway, are continued by JOHN CARTER, whose taste and talents in the above art are too well known to require long comment. Those gentlemen who have not tried the superiority of his hair cutting, need only make one call to prove the fact, that such an establishment has been long wanted in this City. His inimitable *Wigs and Toupees* are universally approved—and from their decided superiority over those usually made, must continue to take the lead.

*** The rooms are situated 175 Broadway, (opposite Maiden lane,) up stairs. JOHN CARTER. 1

TO SPORTSMEN

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner. R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of guns, pistols, cleaning apparatus, wad cutters, bullet moulds, nipple wrenches, powder flasks and horns, shot bags and pouches, lock vices, game bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second hand guns, pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. Reed takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public, for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him, since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham street.

N.B. A large assortment of DUCKING GUNS, suitable for the present season.

HORSES! HORSES! HORSES!

HORSE BAZAAR, No. 31 Crsby street. Public Auction, every Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, for the sale of Horses, Carriages, Harness, &c., when will be offered a great variety of the above mentioned articles. All persons wishing to dispose of their property at the Horse Bazaar, must have it entered on or before the Tuesday previous, at 5 o'clock, P. M. Strangers and speculators will do well to attend.

A variety of Horses, Carriages, and Harness, constantly on hand. For particulars, enquire of

STIMPSON & COWAN, No. 31 Crosby street, Near Broadway, between Grand and Broome.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

IN consequence of the increasing demand for the British Specific through England and France, the proprietor has been induced to appoint agents for the sale of his valuable Remedy throughout the United States, feeling assured it will meet with the same patronage as it does in Europe. Its utility is being daily witnessed in the principal hospitals as well as in private practice, by the most eminent surgeons, who give their active support to its yielding medicinal properties, in all cases where Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Seminal weaknesses, Female Complaints, and all diseases of the urenary canal, have their seat. It is not offered as a certain cure for a long catalogue of diseases, but confined only to the above mentioned; performing a certain, safe, and speedy cure, in a very few days. It is pleasant to the taste, and may be taken without any risk, inconvenience, alteration in diet, or suspension from business.

Sold in bottles, with full and proper directions, accompanied with testimonials of approbation from the highest medical characters. The agents for New-York are J. H. Hart, corner Broadway and Chambers-street, and may be obtained wholesale and retail at Church's dispensary, corner Spring and Bowery. mar 14

New-York Spirit of the Times.

OFFICE 189 BROADWAY.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 18, 1835.

COL. STEVENS' PEDESTRIAN MATCH.

It will be seen from the notice annexed, that the great *Foot Match* over the Union Course comes off on Friday next, the 24th instant. From the novelty of the attempt, the number of entries, and the large sums depending upon the result, an unusual interest has been every where excited as to the result; and doubtless an immense crowd will throng the Course to witness the trial.

Not the least interesting feature in the sports of the day, is the race, two mile heats, for a purse of $300, that will come off immediately subsequent to the Foot Match, and two match races for $300 aside which follow. The one is a half mile, and the other three quarters; there's nothing like *a scrub* race for affording glorious fun—the way the *sharps* contrive to *do* the *flats* is "*a caution*."

For the main race of two miles the entries *are not slow*—they are nags that *go along*. Their names will be published in the city papers of next Thursday;—among the number may be expected Columbia Taylor, Black Maria or Floranthe, Boy Maria, (full sister to Black Maria,) Russett or Post-Boy, Rival, &c. &c.

FOOT RACE.

On Friday next, the 24th inst. at One o'clock,

THE GREAT FOOT EXPERIMENT OF GOING

TEN MILES WITHIN THE HOUR!!!

Takes place over the Union Course,

The weather and state of the track permitting.

On the same day that the Foot Race is run, and immediately after, will be a PURSE OF $300; two mile heats; free for horses of all ages, according to the rules of the Course. All entries for this purse must be made by 5 o'clock on Wednesday evening, the 23d inst., that due notice may be given in the city papers of Thursday. Entrance for the purse as usual.

TWO MATCHES have been made FOR THE SAME DAY of $300 aside each: the one half a mile, the other three quarters.

N. B. As the enclosed space will, as customary, be reserved exclusively for members of the Club, and strangers from another State invited by members, it will be necessary for members of the Club to procure their tickets for the year 1835, and for that purpose, the Treasurer will be at the Pavilion from 10 o'clock to 1, the hour of starting. No person, member or stranger, can under any circumstances pass into the enclosed space without showing his ticket. This regulation will be rigidly enforced, by order of the Club. Terms of Gate and Stand as on a Race Day. Admission tickets to the enclosed space for invited strangers, One Dollar. Some signal will be given at the expiration of every six minutes, as a notice to the competitors of the state of speed at which they are going, and it will be given in charge by the Judges of the Day, to those contending for the $1000 purse, that the contest must in every respect be a fair and honorable one, a deviation from which would cause a forfeiture of the purse, even if successful in the experiment.

As the regular Races commence on the Tuesday week following, (1st Tuesday in May,) the Race Two Mile Heats is expected to be as interesting as any that could be witnessed, as many gentlemen wish to give their horses a 2 mile run, preparatory to the meeting. Some of the best on the Island will be entered for this Purse.

ALEX. L. B[illegible]

ANNALS OF 1935.

JUST RECEIVED BY EXPRESS *via* THE MOON.

Corinthian Tom has furnished us with a document ing the remarkable occurrences which will take place pr century hence—as he says. They were calculated acc the prognostic standard of soothsaic astrology and divina ed by a very mysterious steam engine, working upon the and under the benign influence of *a case* of prime *Port* cised by a red hot poker, upon the new stir-'em-up-wit pole principle. As "coming events cast their shadows we have no doubt of its truth, and therefore no hesitation i a portion of it before our readers, merely premising, by th that there is not a particle of truth in the report that the D Tom Walker had a hand in the aforesaid calculations:—

Jan. 1, 1935. The election of city officers took place t when Sir Joseph Jacob Noah, a descendant of the eminer san writer of that name, was sworn in Lord Mayor, bef representative of His Majesty, the Earl of Bloomingdale, civic officers, in the citadal. The immense hall of audie crowded with beauty and fashion, among whom we rec the Duke and Duchess of Manhattanville, the Marquis of Lords Harlæm and Yorkville and suites, and a large numbe nobility in full court dress. The Foreign Ministers with the added much to the splendor of the scene. His Excellen Ambassador from Carolina, and His High Mightiness, th of Oregon, were especially conspicuous; the resident M from France, Ireland, Kamschatchka, Mississippi, Japan Otaheite and Rome, were among the number.

After the ceremonial, the civic party, to the amount of o sand five hundred, partook of a cold collation, served in t of the Royal University, (formerly the Washington Ground,) and then proceeded round the city in their hydra riages, which, impelled by half a pint of oil of tansy, wen rate of fifty miles an hour. The noble party completed t cursion in about four hours. In the evening twelve thou the nobility and gentry were entertained by the Lord M the great room of the Mansion House, on the site of whi stood the House of Refuge. Four thousand three hundre company being members of the new Temperance Societ left under the table, while nearly half as many more being mites, were able to walk home, each between two assistant

Morning Co

Feb. 5, 1935. Three balloons, with four hundred convic despatched this morning to aid in colonizing the Moon. T in the Moon has been named Viceroy of his former kingd it is expected the convicts will be employed in manufacturi beams, to supply the worn out ones of the Moon, and als Jupiter, Venus, and some other minor constellations, from tity of foil and quicksilver, which was exported with them.

Daily Canal of Intelli

March 10, 1935. Every body was staring last evenin new Moon and stars, which completely turned night into ing for the first time lighted with gas, in contradistinctio old oil system. There is no end to the march of intellect.

Evening Hor

April 21, 1935. The new suspension bridge betwe York and Liverpool, will be completed by the 1st of Ma supposed to be the longest in the world; the journey these two Queens of the eastern and western hemispher now be accomplished in fourteen hours. This stupendo vies in beauty and usefulness with the Imperial Rail R Paris to Canton.—*Daily Omnibus Journal.*

May 7, 1935. His Most Gracious Majesty, Marti tended by the Lord Chamberlain and suite, honored th Royal, Broadway-Lane, with his presence last evening. ing seated in the Royal Box, the band struck up the nat them of *James Crow*, which was rapturously applaude brilliant audience. Signor *Alliumiyii Thoatini*, a gra the celebrated *Fanti*, made his first appearance on this under the patronage of his August Majesty. His voice, *castrato*, owes much of its volume and reediness to the tubes constructed from his windpipe, of which he has twe He sang the opening chorus of the old opera of *Der F* with the whole twenty-nine voices, with the most admirab The manager of the Russian Opera in Riker Square, w stand, has offered to engage him at 1500 eagles per ni half a clear benefit.—*The Gothamite and Drawing-Room*

June 3, 1935. The new hanging system was first experimented upon this morning, when seventy-three felons were executed on a single rope, being sixty-five more than were ever hung before on the same string. Of the criminals, seventeen were convicted of Crim. Con., twenty of stealing newspapers, and the other thirty-six of bigamy.—*Daily Criminal Recorder and Hue and Cry Gazette.*

July 4, 1935. The Morning Courier of to-day come out on an enlarged sheet, 14 feet by 23. The Courier a century since was considered a paper of respectable size, but the number before us contains 48 pages of its former dimensions. The new advertisements number over 3,500, and the last page contains all the works of the old novelist Cooper, which for some time have been out of print, neatly arranged in diamond type. On the the 37th page will be found an interesting account of the former celebrations of this day, owing to the success of some great political movement.—*Daily Telegraphic Dispatch.*

August 12, 1935. His Most Gracious Majesty in council yesterday, confirmed the late act of both Houses of Congress, passed for the purpose of perpetuating the beauties of nature, the chief provision in it being that all old women, (that is, all women over forty years of age,) shall be drowned without benefit of clergy.—*Globe, of this morning.*

Sept. 5, 1935. The one hundred and fifth anniversary of the establishment of *The Spirit of the Times* was celebrated with extraordinary magnificence on this day. The proprietors fed nearly two millions of their poor fellow-citizens upon tripe and cow-heel, rashers and eggs, and mulled claret. The illuminations and fire-works in the evening, were plainly seen at St. Petersburg and Calcutta.—*Evening Star and National Torch Light.*

Oct. 16, 1935. Sir John Cleeves Symmes, a descendant of an illustrious discoverer of the 19th century, will set out immediately to explore the course of the Milky-way, in order to learn whether a branch of it could be turned to the earth, wherefrom a wholesale milk and butter company might be established.—*Transcript and Daily Intellectual Advertiser.*

Nov. 7, 1935. The Royal pint was increased to a quart yesterday by act of Congress, and becomes a law, to celebrate which the Fusbosses of the Common Council, and all the collective wisdom of the city, got outrageously frisky and opstropolous on a pint of old Monongohela, at the expense of the city. At the same sitting an act was passed exploding pap as good for children, all younkers being now born with double teeth all round, and able to hew beef and mutton. This law, it is considered, will materially benefit the agricultural interests, by increasing the demand for animal food.—*Journal of Commerce and Negro Emancipator.*

Dec. 25, 1935. By an express arrived last night from his Majesty's terrestrial dominions, we learn a violent rebellion has broken out in the moon, originating with the Irish convicts. Their first step, in order to prevent detection, was to put out the moon and several large stars. The Irish executive were accordingly compelled to contract with the Manhattan Gas Company for lighting the sun every night for one year.—*Pilot & Mercury.*

Matthews alias Mathias, the Imposter.

The trial of this worthy commenced on Tuesday last before the Circuit Court at Westchester. He pretends to be as mad as ever, and lately issued a Decree from the jail, ordering all the farmers to lay down their ploughs, for he says, "as I live, there shall be no more sowing in the earth, until I, Matthias, the twelfth and last of the Apostles, am delivered out of the House of Bondage." He has also prophecied, that if he be found guilty, "White Plains should be destroyed by an earthquake, and not an inhabitant left to tell the tale of its destruction."

The trial proceeds but slowly, owing to the absence of material [illegible] in attendance who

against
the body
be found
of mur-

ther en-
the most
wretches
o intima-
noose at

urder of
e a hope-
ne. His
lded,) an
in a coat
ound gra-
they say
ficers at
t order."
tually do
together.

, depend
us more
number if
compari-
between
inced the
sense in
f in their

Random
" a poem
specially
and pol-
rawler of
urturbed
exed" in
ave laid
wn their
valley of
fectually
e hate to

es Rich-
g the 1st
Maryland
me. As

ournal is
lon daily
morning
s, no less
$70,000.
he stamp
upwards
h is made
profits of
enty-five
ed to one

litor of a
ineas per
ditor half
per ream,

Salmagundi.

"In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et joke,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folkez,
Fee, faw, fum.
With baked and broil'd, and stewed and toasted,
And fried and boil'd, and smoked and roasted,
We treat the town!"

An "old mother Glastonbury" (vide Bangs in Solomon Swop,) was quite offended that any ladies should have been seated in the pit at the late dramatic festival for Knowles, as CELESTE danced her *La Bayadere*—she wouldn't have sat there for the world, not she. Such a prude would refuse to swing in a vegetable garden because potatoes have eyes!

O the Barbarian!—When the pretty Miss WATSON left town for Boston, we commended her to the kindly courtesies of our editorial brethren there—and a nice piece of work they have made of it. The bachelors of the corps besieged her "from morn till dewy eve," until one despairing gent, wrought up to frenzy by the green-ey'd monster, put an end to their envied flirtations *by giving her the measles!* Thank heaven the poor girl is safely recovered; and if we ever do another good natured thing for the gay Lotharios of Boston,—it will be *after this*, that's all. The measles, indeed! Fanny Kemble always said they were horrid creatures—which "*bug*" was it—the ungracious varlet!

One of Peabody's "distinguished fashionable and literary characters," has a new work in hand, after the style of Paul Clifford, entitled "*The Three Vagabonds.*" The title will be an attractive one—to Old Hayes, but might be rendered vastly piquant by a trifling addition—"*The Three Vagabonds of Gotham, by a Fourth.*"

The *Boston Light Infantry*—the beautiful corps which made a visit here some few years since—is distinguished at home by the cognomen of *The Tigers*. They are a dashing set of fellows, and really do look *rather varment*. The Morning Post says "the Boston girls have always manifested a great admiration" of them.

An eruption of the Goths and Vandals from Jersey upon several dwelling-houses in Reed and Leonard streets, took place last Wednesday. They broke all the furniture, beat the inmates, desecrated the family idols, turned the houses inside out, and conducted themselves very promiscuously with the female women, kissing them all round in the most edifying and headstrong manner!

Among the distinguished strangers in London, presented to His Majesty, William IV. at a late levee, was our countryman WILLIS. "*Now*, what'll Mrs. Grundy say?"

The COOPERS and FORBES are playing still at Charleston.—FINN, MRS. PRITCHARD, KEENE, and MRS. KNIGHT were at Mobile at our last accounts.

MR. MAYWOOD, the manager of the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, sails immediately for England, to secure a lustrous galaxy of "stars." We hear MR. PRICE has already engaged MISS ELLEN TREE, young KEAN, and MR. and MRS. WOOD, for the next September season at the Park.

It is now generally understood—we regret to say—that the lady who has become so universal a favorite at the Park, and now playing the leading business, will leave the stage on the termination (5th of July,) of her present engagement.

HACKETT and MRS. SHARPE arrived on Wednesday last, from Charleston. Their engagements at the South and West have been eminently successful; we hope to see them on the Park boards.

It is vastly pleasant, we don't think, when one is earnestly writing an especial paragraph, to have some good natured, busy body at your elbow ask you for "*your pen a moment*," as though "thick coming fancies" were to be thus rudely disturbed at will, and retained by "an imagination all compact." We are of an amiable temperament, very—but there are things we can't stand, no how, and this is one. And when a meddling body begs the loan of our pen an instant, we have as much inclination to throw him the inkstand with it, as we should if a person at dinner gravely asked for our knife, to pin the fingers that grasped it to the table with the fork.

A Miss CUSHMAN is doing wonders at the Tremont, *in Opera*, at which the Bostonians are mightily elated. If she should succeed at the Park, Mr. Manager Barry will make his fortune—prehaps. By the way we have seen Mr. Simpson since this news *arriv*—he was not a bit dejected; English Opera at the Park is not done up, and matters seem to progress pretty much as usual.—What a long tail our cat's got!

The Mobile Advertiser says that in Texas, the fever and ague prevails to a great extent. It is stated that "chickens and even turkeys in that country have touches of the ague, and at certain seasons of the year, these gallant and stately birds may be seen stalking around their domicils in a perfect state of nakedness, their feathers having been shaken entirely off."

A Fight.—Duelling is quite fashionable now-a-days. An officer of the army and a Doctor connected with the staff, in his Britannic Majesty's service, near Halifax, met and exchanged shots a few days since. The doctor had his nose shot off, and the officer was wounded in the shin. Nobody will hereafter deny that the doctor has *smelt* the effects of gunpowder.—*Sun.*

☞ Well—*any thing* is better than having one's shins rubbed down with a brickbat; the doctor may thank fortune that now no man can pull *his* nose.

Col. Crockett's Tour, recently published by Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, is all the rage now. It is in every respect, says the *Evening Star*, a type of his original mind—his dry humor and keen wit—qualities so rare in others, and which will give his book extensive circulation. 'Tis superfluous to particularize its merits. A sample will suffice—"ex pede Hercules."

In his "Trip to the North and Down East," he says, speaking of a theatrical exhibition,—"I do not think from all I saw, that the people enjoy themselves better than we do at a country frolic, where we dance till day-light, and pay off the score by giving one in our turn. It would do you good to see our boys and girls dancing. None of your straddling, mincing, sallying; but a regular sifter, cut-the-buckle, chicken-flutter-set-to. It is good, wholesome exercise; and when one of our boys puts his arm round his partner, it's a good hug, and no harm in it."

An unsophisticated rustic's notion of the master pieces of concerted music:

"Their fiddling was pretty good, considering every fellow played his own piece; and I would have known more about it, if they had played a tune, but it was all twee-wee-tadlum-tum-tum-tadle-leedle-tadle-leedle-lee. "The twenty-second of February," or the "Cuckoo's Nest," would have been a treat."

☞ The Colonel ought to have seen 'the men of sin,' at the Circus "draw the tail of the horse across the bowels of the cat"—may'be he wouldn't *sing small* about the hurdy-gurdy and banjo *performers* in Tennessee. They are not a circumstance—they can't hold a candle. Why, they've so frightened the rats and mice that not a right spry and enterprising cat can be kept at home in the neighborhood. "The Cuckoo's Nest," indeed! Did you ever hear a cur, convicted of petty larceny, go yelling through the street like mad, with an old tin coffee-pot dangling at his tail! Well, it isn't at all like that!

Metropolitan Police.

London Sweeps.

On Thursday, a knight of the brush and soot-bag, named John Bridges, commonly called "Orator Jack," was charged by a short, thick-set master "chummy," one George Lamb, with having "hawked," his trade about the streets, contrary to act of parliament.

The first witness called was Thomas Groves, a little fellow, whose new canary-colored cravat, tied after the most approved fashion, formed a striking contrast to the sable neck which it encircled, and who set forth that, on Thursday last as ever vas, he turned out to go along Bayswater, when who should he clap his preschous eyes on but Jack Bridges, in Westbore-terrace, where he cotched him in the werry hact of calling out "sweep," vich he *continuwated* to do twenty times, and said he'd do so as long as he liked, in spite of him or the hact, vich he didn't wally the price of a pen'orth of taturs. He'd got a young chap with him, wot carried the brush and sut bag, and he let people know what "dodge" they were upon also.

Other witnesses gave similar conclusive evidence against the defendant.

Magistrate—(to Orator Jack)—Do you deny calling sweep?

Jack—I'll come to that ere pint, my Lord, soon. Now jest look here a minute at this master Lamb, wot calls himself a master sweep, and see if it ain't all spite. Ven I swept his chimbleys, please your Reverence, nuffen could go on better nor smootherer; but now I've gone from him and took up with this here lady wots in hopposition to him, (pointing to a lively looking coppered colored young woman, with a dashing bonnet and auburn ringlets,) he and his boys follows me about like so many gosters arter a unhung willain. But wot wexes him most, he disappointed a lady, my Lord, the tother day, wot wanted her flue done, so she called me in and werry handsomely give me the job; that's the thing as upsets this Mister Lamb more nor any thing again. Howsomever, I'll now come to the charge vich is for calling sweep; and respecting that ere, it's no sich a thing, for I called out summut else wot I deals in, and that's boots. "Come here, Jack," said the defendant to a very juvenile member of the profession, didn't I call boots?"

Jack jumped up into the witness box, and stuck to it hard and fast, that all as Master Bridges had told their Lordships was werry pertickler true.

The defendant was fined in the penalty of 5 shillings and costs.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

The Frenchman's Trick.

Monsieur Duphot was a French refugee who had fled to America in the beginning of the revolution, and settled himself in Boston. His judgment of the Yankees was expressed without reserve—"Ils sont hous efans, mais ils no savant pas jouer le violon." But Monsieur Duphot had a waggish neighbor, who if he could not play the fiddle, could play a trick, as the Frenchman found to his annoyance, having been April-fooled, and sent errands after pigeon's milk, more times than one by this mischief-loving fellow. He would have paid him in his own coin, but his bad English was sure to carry him into some blunder in the attempt, and the jokes which he plotted commonly exploded on his own hands. However, good luck and his own wit made him amends, now and then.—One day, Mr. B. the joker aforesaid, met him in the market, where the Frenchman was cheapening a quarter of mutton.

"Ah! monsieur," said he, "you and I am on the same errand. You dine on mutton to-day?"

"Yes, sair; de mutton is more sheep as de bif, voyez vous."

"True, and if you and I buy a bit together, it will be cheaper. What do you say?"

"Ver well, allons; let us see—how much you vant?"

"Oh! about a quarter."

"Bieu, bieu, and so do I. Den me buy half a mutton en semble, and den me make him too half chacun a piece."

"Exactly," replied B.

So straightway making a purchase of a side of mutton, he cut it in two, and taking the hind quarter for himself, offered the Frenchman the other.

"Attendez!" said the Frenchman; "it is de hind quarter I want."

"Really! now it happens to be the very part I want too!" said the other, pretending surprise.

The Frenchman grinned, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Come," said B., "let us toss a cent and he that wins, shall put his hand upon one piece, and say, 'Who shall have this? while the other turns his back, and answers 'I' or 'you.'"

"Ver well."

"Here it goes then; head, I win; tail, you lose."

The former proposition was uttered as the coin flew into the air. "Ay," said the Frenchman to it, and "No" to the latter, for he had been tricked that way before. Mr. B. was caught in his own trap, for it was not a head. "However, 'tis an equal chance yet," thought he.

"Tournez done," said the Frenchman, and slily whipping out his penknife, he chopped off the tail from one portion of the mutton, and clapping it upon the other, cried out, as if in his usual blundering way,

"Who shall have dis wid de tail on?"

"I," replied the other, jumping round in great glee, at the supposed etourderie of his companion.

"Den you take him for de fore quarter."

Mr. B. scratched his head, without saying a word, for a moment or two, till the explosion of laughter which accompanied the trick, had in some degree subsided. Then, with an exceeding foolish look, he marched away, carrying his fore quarter of mutton with the tail on which winds this tale off.

London New Monthly Magazine.

Amusing Charge of Assault.—A vulgar looking Irish woman named Bridget O. Sullivan, charged a Newfort market butcher named Smith, with having assaulted her. She told her story as follows:—

"Plaze yer wurtchip's honor, I went wid my husband's wake's wages to buy me Sunday dinner, and when I got to the market, and was pacibly dalein with Misther Jackson, wid whom I sometimes dale, Mr. Smith up and ax'd me, sid he—"What will I do to night for you, me jewel?" "Nothing at all at all, me darlint, says I; your mate wint sute the likes 'e me." "An why not misthress? ax'd he." Bekase, says I, its not tinder enough for an ould woman who hasn't the devil a tooth in her head." "It's good enough any how (says he) for an Irish ——, what I won't mention to your wortchip." "The same to your mither, says I, an' bad luck to her. Upon that Misther Smith up and het me a whack that knocked all me praities into the dirty strate—and that's St. Patrick's blessed trute, plaze yer onor.

Specific for Suicide.—A vender of "Morrison's Vegetable Universal Medicine" gives notice in the advertisement, that it is a sovereign cure for *suicide*, and that it "corrects all bodily deformities, and improves deportment." We go for Dr. Morrison for President of the United States, at the election in 1875, if his medicine will really do all this—even against Dr. Feuchtwanger and his *Kreosote*.—*Courier.*

Odds and Ends.

The London Morning Chronicle says Mrs. Fanny ...ler's work "has created a great sensation among ...trans-atlantic brethren."

Under the late act for the protection of dramatic au...rs, Mr. Knowles, says the London Observer, re...ives $50 for every representation of his plays. *Alb. D. Adv.*

The London Court Journal, announcing the names ...the guests at a soiree of the sister of Lady Franklin ...Bedford place, mentions that of "Mr. Willis, the ...elightful American poet."

The late Henry Hunt, M. P., the itinerant vender ...lacking, and quondam king of the radicals, was ...merly a brewer, and died "Lord of the manor of ...stonbury, Somersetshire," to which his son Tho... in the United States falls heir. This eloquent ...former was an excellent shot and a capital angler.

A Curiosity.—The Claremont National Eagle states ...a vagrant fellow has exhibited in that place among ...r curiosities, a small dog with a tail so stiff that it ...not rest its hind legs upon the ground!

A Neat Compliment.—One of the neatest compli...nts on record is that paid by Lord Camden to Fox, ...t "his price was immortality, and he knew that ...terity would pay it."

An Independent Elector.—"I suppose, neighbor," ...d one elector to another, "you'll give a plumper for ...r. ——, as you did before?" "No," said the other, ...don't think I shall—the beef wasn't dressed to my ...nd at his last election dinner!"

A Character.—"There goes a fellow," says John ...al, "who, if he happened to have but *two* letters to ...s name, would abuse everybody that had *three!*"

"I say friend," said a Jonathan to an honest farm..., "you don't know of nobody what don't want to ...re nobody to do nothing, don't ye." "Yes I don't," ...s the reply.

Two or three days previous to the late general elec...n, two candidates for a northern county met in a ...ll-room: "Why do you sit still," inquired a friend ...one of them, "whilst your opponent is tripping it ...assiduously with the electors' wives and daugh...s?" The aspirant for parliamentary fame replied, ...have no objection to his *dancing* for the county, if I ...allowed to *sit* for it."

Dancing.—A young man who had attended more ...the cultivation of his heels than of his mind, flattered ...nself that he could better his condition by shaking ...feet, rather than an empty skull, issued the follow...g proposals:—

Dan Sing Skull.—miss ter lightfoot proposes too ...en a dan sing skull in witch the hellegunt hart will ...e tort in the new west fashion. Lad dies and gen...men hoo may sea fight to Patron eyes him in his ...der takein, will please to Sin their names to this ...r paper.

Note a Bena—a Skull toe to be opin as sone as ...en tea sinner do sin.

Air Gun.—A young gentleman of Cincinnati has ...rly completed an air gun, which he thinks will su...ccede all other guns; it is so constructed that by ...ning a crank, which can be done by a boy, it will ...charge sixty balls per minute, and that with a force ...130 pound on each ball, which is double the force on ...rifle ball; the balls are placed in a funnel on the top ...the gun from which they run in as fast as they are ...scharged.

On the same principle he intends to invent a mus...et which can be handled with as much ease as the ...mmon muskets, and be no heavier; and on the same ...nciple balls of any size can be discharged by any ...rson.—*Star.*

The Raleigh Register, speaking of an individual ...hose attachment to the chief of his party was entire ...d unquestionable, says,

"This is what we call whole-hog, ham, shoulder ...d middling—jole, souce and sausage—tail, liver and ...ghts!"

Spring Fashions.

London and Parisian Fashions.

Beginning of March.—Ball dresses are generally ...rnamented with bouquets of flowers, placed on one ...ide of the jupon, and extending from the waist to the ...eet. Wreaths are sometimes used instead of de...ched bouquets.

A dress lately made by a distinguished Parisian mil...iner, was composed of white crape, and ornamented ...p one side with five bouquets of flowers of different ...ues; one bouquet was of pink roses, another of ...lue hyacinths, and a third of elematis, &c. In short ...whole parterre seemed to have been laid under con...ibution for the adornment of this beautiful dress.—The coiffure worn with it, was a repetition of the ...rimming of the robe, and consisted of a crown form...d of all the flowers introduced in the bouquets.

Another much admired ball dress was of pink ...auze over a slip of pink poult de soi. Three bou...uets of white flowers were placed at the height of the ...nee, and fastened three pink satin ribbons which as...ended diagonally to the waist, and were gathered ...nder the bow of the ceinture on one side. On each ...houlder a bunch of white flowers, widening on the ...leeve, and confining its folds. Head-dress, two white ...owers on each temple, fastened into plaitings of hair ...la Clotilde. In the centre of the forehead a cameo, ...uspended by a fine gold chain.

Turbans of the form styled a la Juive are much ...worn, and are extremely becoming to an oval and ...egular countenance. The bandelette which passes ...nder the chin has a very pretty effect.

With dresses of velvet or rich silk and satin, man...illas of dentelle de soie more generally adopted than ...hose of blonde or point d'Angleterre.

The following dresses have been worn at some of ...he most fashionable parties of the season.

1. An open robe of pink tulle, fastened back on ei...ther side by bunches of pink hyacinths. The robe ...worn over a pink satin petticoat.

2. A robe of citron-colored tulle, tastefully trimmed ...with ribbons and bouqets of daisies.

3. Robe of sea-green tulle, open in front, a satin ...petticoat of the same color. This dress was worn ...with a beautiful parure of pearls.

4. A robe of lilac crape, trimmed with bunches of ...white lilac.

A new kind of satin has been introduced for pro...menade dress. It is very thick and richly figured, in ...patterns similar to those of the printed muslins. Green ...and puce are favorite colors; the pattern being a shade ...deeper than that of the ground.

In carriage costume we have observed many bon...nets of straw or citron-colored satin, ornamented with ...flowers or feathers of the same hue.

Velvet is the favorite material for promenade hats ...and bonnets. Blue, black, and green are the colors ...most generally worn. A single feather placed on one ...side, is the favorite ornament.

Aprons are now made of printed satin; the middle ...plain, and of some light color, and edged round with ...a rich border, which is repeated on the pockets and ...ceinture.

Races to Come

Season of 1835.

NEW-YORK CITY—Jockey Club Races, *Union Course*, L. I.—First meeting, 1st Tuesday in May; second meeting, 1st Tuesday in June. Col. Stevens' *Foot Race* comes off the 24th of April.

HARLEM *Trotting Course*; (near N. Y. city,) several matches are on the tapis, and we might quote a few that are concluded; particulars hereafter.

CENTREVILLE *Trotting Course*, L. I. (near N. Y. city,) First Spring meeting last week in April.

TRENTON, N. J. *Eagle Course*, Tuesday, April 21.

BALTIMORE, Md. *Central Course*; Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday in May.

CANTON, Md. *Kendall Course*, (opposite Baltimore,) 4th Tuesday in May.

PITTSBURGH, Pa. Jockey Club, last Tuesday in May.

BROAD ROCK, Va. *Tree Hill Course*; Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday in April, the 21st, (*vide* Proprietor's advertisement in Richmond Whig, of 10th inst.)

TREE HILL, Va. Jockey Club Races, 3d Tuesday in April, and *Broad Rock*, 2d Tuesday in April, (*vide* Skinner's American Turf Register, for April.)

FAIRFIELD, Va. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in April, the 28th inst.

NORFOLK, Va. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in June.

TIMONIUM, Va. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday in May.

BELFIELD, Va. Jockey Club, Tuesday, April 21.

PETERSBURG, Va. Jockey Club, 1st Tuesday in May.

NEW MARKET, Va. Jockey Club, 1st Tuesday in May.

HAY MARKET, Va. Jockey Club, May.

MOBILE, Ala. Jockey Club, Wednesday, April 29.

LEXINGTON, Ky. Association Races, 20th May.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala. Jockey Club, Thursday, May 14.

COLUMBIA, S. C. 3d Monday in December.

AUGUSTA, Ga. 2d Monday in January.

SAVANNAH, Ga. 4th Monday in January.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 3d Monday in February.

DETROIT, M. T. Jockey Club, 1st meeting in May; 2d in Sept.

Hunting Park Trotting Course, (near Philadelphia,). No matches yet announced—several are to come off next month.

☞ For a great number of challenges, and Racing and Trotting matches, see previous numbers of *The Spirit of the Times.*

Sporting Varieties.

Trenton Eagle Course Races.

It will be seen from an advertisement in another column, that the races over this beautiful Course, commence on Tuesday next. We learn from the proprietor, that upwards of fifty horses are on the ground in training for this meeting; capital sport is anticipated, and doubtless some excellent running will be had. Dr. BROWN has removed all the old buildings from the Course, and erected several handsome and extensive new ones; the Course is also enclosed by a well made board fence ten feet high. The Eagle Course may now rank with the first in the country.

Connecticut "Sportsmen."

The editor of the New-Bedford Gazette speaks in terms of becoming censure of the disgraceful and wanton destruction of water and marsh birds in the vicinity of Plymouth, Barnstable and New-Bedford, whose citizens have petitioned the Legislature for an act to make it an indictable offence. The prayer of the petitioners, (laid before the House last Wednesday) states that these birds—Plover, Red-breasts, Curlew, etc. (which afford such delightful sport to the marksman, on the great marshes of the Cape in summer,) come on from the south in the Spring, when poor and unfit for food. That the people near where the birds take roost, kindle fires on the marshes, towards which the innocent victims fly in flocks, and are ingloriously knocked over with clubs, and destroyed in great numbers. It is stated that 2400 of these birds were thus murdered, by a single batch of *sportsmen** in one night. It is argued that if this brutal conduct is not prevented, the favorite game of "sharp-shooters on the wing" will very soon become extinct; and another important objection is, that these lights are false beacons for mariners at night.

* For "*sportsmen*," the humane and feeling reader will certainly substitute "*scoundrels.*"

BOAT RACING is a striking feature among the athletic and hardy amusements of the West. Buffalo is especially noted for the number and management of her aquatic tournaments, and her citizens are unrivalled in the dexterous use of the oar on our inland waters. Their race boats are pretty, and well made, and when manned by the active and enterprising young spirits of the Queen of the West, the remark is no less true than romantic that they "walk the waters like a thing of life." The Daily Commercial Advertiser of that place, gives notice that a Boat Race would come off on the 4th inst. for a purse of $50. If the winner should not prove an old subscriber to the Spirit of the Times, the sooner he is the better—we shall like it.

Elopement.

Here follows an account of a recent elopement in Paris, where it is supposed the guilty but amorous lovers, have taken refuge in New York;—if so, it will be a fair offset to a late one in this city, the parties having fled to Paris,—for any thing we know. *Vive la bagatelle!*

A banker at Paris, returning some evenings ago from a ball, missed three things—his wife, his cashier, and the contents of his strong box. Having by some means ascertained that the fugitives were gone to Havre, he immediately followed them, and arrived at the hotel in which they had taken up their abode, where he learned they were to sail the next day for America. Making a confidant of the landlord, the banker went to the chamber in which the two culprits were. At the first summons, the recreant cashier opened the door—and throwing himself at the feet of his injured benefactor, acknowledged his criminality, and only supplicated mercy for his guilty companion, who lay trembling in the bed which he had just quitted. "Don't be alarmed, my worthy fellow," said the banker, "all I want is my money." The whole of this was immediately given up. The banker having ascertained that nothing was kept back, turned to the delinquent, and offered him notes to the amount of 10,000 fr., saying, "This is for the service you have rendered me in ridding me of a vicious wife. You may set off with her to-morrow for New York, on condition that you sign an acknowledgement, that you have received the money for the expenses of the voyage of yourself and Madame —— to the United States." The paper was signed, the door was closed, and the banker having remained not much more than a quarter of an hour in Havre, set out on his road back to Paris.

ENGLISH SPORTING PARAGRAPHS.

March 4, Captain Pigon, second dragoon guards, for a wager of £200, rode one horse 120 miles, in 22 1-2 hours, on Bramham Moor, near York. He was allowed 25 hours. He rested seven hours fourteen minutes of the time. Neither himself nor his horse was distressed.—*Lon. Sport. Mag.*

A match was decided in the Bois de Boulogne, on Monday, between M. Mosulman's horse, Rob Roy, ridden by M. Leon Lecoulteux, and the Duke of Orleans's horse, Guitar, ridden by Lord Clanricarde, which was won by the former by two lengths.

The owner of the horse, Partington, has announced that he will trot him eighteen miles within the hour, for any sum not less than 100*l.*; the match to come off on or before the 16th inst. The horse is to be heard of at Wakefield, and the challenge is given in a York paper.

On the 16th of last month, there was some extraordinary coursing near Oulton. A hare was raised and ran 27 miles in 85 minutes, by Mr. Arton's cream-colored bitch, and Mr. Shaw's black bitch, and was eventually killed in a garden near Castleford, by a cur dog!—an ignoble death after a noble chace. Only two horses were in at the death, of the superior powers of which there was a dispute.

The Marquis of Abercorn, is supposed to possess the first carriage stud of horses in the kingdom. His Lordship has lately purchased six most beautiful greys from Yorkshire, which are now at his stables in Burton-mews.

Extraordinary Leap of a Fox.—A fox leaped a wall about ten feet high this month, into the back part of the Custom House, Sunderland; but he was not a welcome guest, for one of the watch attacked him so roughly, that he paid the forfeit of his life for thus straying from his wonted haunts.—*Lon. Sport. Mag.*

John Townsend, the celebrated pedestrian, seems to improve in his retrograde motion, if it may be so termed, as at Bristol, he lately walked backwards, seventy-two miles in twenty-four hours.—*Ib.*

As Mr. Sykes, of Roswell-court, was shooting a few weeks back, near Kingston, Surrey, he struck a fine cock pheasant through the head, which flew directly through the window of a drawing-room at Ruxley House, and fell dead on a sofa in the room.—*Ib.*

Theatrical Gossip.

THE PARK THEATRE.

There are few public assemblages that comprise so much intellect, discrimination and generosity, as the numerous body of well dressed people that nightly attend Old Drury. Their kindness to candidates for their good opinion, is without stint, and though occasionally they may be prodigal of their praise to favorites, they seldom err in judgment, nor fail to appreciate latent talent, and foster its growing energies. Young aspirants for histrionic fame, need fear no underration of their abilities from an intelligent audience like this; their critics are liberal to a fault, and the possession of talent as invariably insures success as the want of it is certain to bring them to their proper level. Rant, and stage-trick, though sustained by mediocre talent, will make no impression upon an auditory familiar with the impassioned genius of a Kean, a Cooke, a Cooper, and a Conway—upon those who have rebuked the asperities of Forrest and of Wallack—of Kemble and of Power, and who are chary of their smiles to artists like Hackett, and Hill—the veteran Mathews, and a host of general favorites, obliging them to exert every faculty of pleasing to retain their favor. Encouragement from such an audience is priceless to performers, and hence may be learned the importance attached to it, not only by themselves, but by play-goers in other cities. As it can only be won by unquestionable ability, so it is never accorded to the unworthy, and from this fact, and this alone, the "*New-York stamp*" derives its universal currency, and powerful weight of influence.

Mr. A. A. ADAMS, completed an engagement at this house on Saturday evening last, of which he may well be proud. He came among us a stranger and unheralded; the *protege* and "patronized" of no man or circle, but depending solely upon his own merits for success, backed by a stern determination to deserve it. He was favorably received on his *debut*—each succeeding performance brought new faces and confirmed new friends.

Mr. Adams opened in *Damon*—*Othello* followed; *Macbeth* succeeded this, and his engagement concluded with *Lear* and *Carwin*. Nothing but severe study and a thorough knowledge of the minutiæ of his profession, joined to talents of a high order, could have carried him unscathed through so fiery an ordeal. The parts selected, were of the most arduous and diversified character, requiring the nicest tact, sound judgment, and exquisite taste, and all those "appliances and means to boot" becoming a "proud representative of Shakspeare's heroes." Mr. A's. style has many objections, and there are blemishes in his enunciation and elocution which his good sense will correct—still a more decided hit has not been made this season on these boards. The interesting contest for the topmost round—for the seat vacated by Forrest—lies between himself and one other only, in our opinion, and both are eminently worthy of it. During his next engagement (in the course of a few weeks, having left for Albany,) we propose reviewing his various characters in detail; we shall then see him to more advantage, and have leisure to advise him of his faults, while according to him all the credit for his capabilities they may seem to deserve.

Mrs. DRAKE is engaged and makes her first appearance on Monday. She is a most estimable lady, and a very superior actress. Since her last engagement here, she has been playing at the West and South with increased success.

THE BOWERY THEATRE.

CELESTE is still playing with undiminished eclat,—coining money for this establishment. No one we ever saw approaches her in pantomime; her surpassing energy of action, symmetry of person, and exquisite taste in dress, aided by

"Motions graceful as a bird's in air,"

render her perfectly irresistible. Celeste alone, embodies the pretty idea of the "poetry of motion," as all will agree, having seen her. Her present engagement soon closes,—"a word to the wise," etc.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

We are concerned to hear SIGNORINA C. FANTI is indisposed. The performances of the company are consequently postponed.—By the way, the Albanians, we hear, greeted the Troupe most cordially—the Regency, comptrollers, canal commissioners and all, were especially loud in their applause.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES left town on Tuesday for Boston. We would "say a good word for him," only that he is every where welcome—and we are fearful lest some captious critic down East might shake him by the hand to give him the measles!

Miss Cooper,

With her father are playing at Charleston, where her acting has elicited the warmest eulogiums "in mouths of wisest censure." We have received, with a pressing request to give it a place in our columns, a long and well written criticism on her histrionic abilities, generally, and a review of several of her favorite characters. Justice to other readers, forbids the insertion of an article of such extreme length; but to oblige our Charleston friends, who have expressed a great desire to see it in the the Spirit of the Times, we make room for its main features.

From the Charleston Mercury, of the 23d ult.

MISS COOPER.—This interesting young lady made her first appearance, before a Charleston audience, on Monday evening last. She was received by one of the most brilliant houses we have seen for many years,—a house worthy the palmiest days of good old Charleston.

It is not our purpose to descant at length upon the varied performances of Miss Cooper, or to attempt a detail of the beauties peculiar to her acting. Our engagements do not allow us time for such an analysis; our readers must, therefore, be content, for the present, with a brief remark or two upon the different parts she has sustained.

VIRGINIA.—Who can read the Virginia of Knowles, and not remember the Cordelia of Shakspeare, or the filial piety of the Antigone of Sophocles? All martyrs alike to virtue and to piety, those principles which adorn and dignify the female character. Now, to give a proper effect to such a part as Virginia, requires a mind beyond the common mould,—a mind capable of diving deeply into the author's meaning. It is true, we have seen many a pretty interesting girl, without talent, go on, and please us in this part, but it was reserved to Miss Cooper to prove what histrionic art could do with such a character,—and it is but justice to add, that we have never received from any personation of the character, such unmingled gratification. It was marked throughout by originality of conception, by much force and happiness of gesture, and by the nicest discrimination of the author. We unhesitatingly pronounce her the best Virginia on the American stage; in look and action, in youth, modesty and getleness, a Roman maid, "a very Roman." Certain passages, too, in which a common mind would have discerned no beauties, she seized upon and illustrated with great felicity.

BEATRICE.—No one who either possesses good taste, or pretends to it, could have witnessed her chaste and natural performance of the wayward Beatrice, without delight and admiration.—If taste and feeling, together with a graceful person; if a voice, powerful and full of natural melody, the true expression of nature,—if these, and the advantages of education, and a refined mind, are qualifications to complete the actress, then we say, that Miss C. possesses a combination of qualities that will shortly, if they do not already, place her superior to any other aspirant to popular applause. We go further, and venture to predict, that should Miss Cooper, on her return home, again appear upon the stage, the Northern critics, will, nemine contradicento, admit, "take her for all in all," that they have never looked upon her like before. I do not except even Fanny Kemble, or any other.

MRS. BEVERLEY.—One prominent feature in Miss Cooper's performance, is discrimination of character. Each part she assumes is, not only a *species*, but the individual of that species. Virginia, Beatrice, and Mrs. Beverley, are all distinct embodyings of conception. Such is the triumph of mind. I.

Summary.

☞ The KNOWLES BENEFIT COMMITTEE held their final meeting at the Shakspeare, on Saturday afternoon—Richard Riker, Recorder, in the chair, and Wm. H. Maxwell, Secretary.

Henry Ogden, Esq. Treasurer of the Fund submitted the following Report, which was unanimously adopted:—

The Knowles Benefit in account with Henry Ogden, Treasurer.

DR.		CR.	
Paid for the use of the Theatre,	$500 00	Tickets sold at the office of the New-York Mirror,	$3624 00
Fitting up the Pit, &c.	58 32	Tickets sold at the Theatre,	830 00
Advertising, Printing, &c.	199 52		
Sundry expenses.	44 00		
Balance to be paid to Mr. Knowles,	3054 16		
	$3854 00		$3854 00

HENRY OGDEN, Treasurer.

The following resolution was offered by Edward Sanford, Esq. and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That a committee consisting of C. W. Lawrence, Philip Hone, Gulian C. Verplanck, Samuel Swartwout, James Campbell, Wm. M. Price and Edw. Curtis, be desired to request Mr. Knowles to name the most convenient time prior to his departure for England when he will meet his friends at a dinner to be given him by the friends of literature and the drama in the city of New-York.

The other resolutions—of thanks to Mr. Simpson of the Park, and the various eminent artists and others who contributed to the success of the benefit—are unavoidably crowded out.

Novel Expedient for Catching a Thief.—A short time since, a miller, residing near Beverley, whose premises had been entered for some time past nightly, and a considerable quantity of corn abstracted, hit upon an ingenious expedient for the detection of the offender. The means of ingress was by putting the finger through a hole in the door, which uplifted a latch. On the night in question, the miller set a common rat-trap, and hung it inside the door, so that the thief would be obliged to touch the spring in opening the door. Having taken this precaution, he left it for the night, and on going the following morning, his expectations were realized by finding a fellow suspended from the door by his finger. The miller after severely admonishing him for the crime, and taking into consideration the sufferings, the poor wretch had undergone, gave him the choice of abiding by the law, or a good horse-whipping. It is needless to observe, that he preferred the latter alternative, which the miller administered pretty freely, and then released him.

Romantic Affair.—A general in the Austrian service, of one of the most illustrious families of the country, had an only child, a natural daughter of rare beauty and accomplishments. A secret attachment was formed between the young lady and a subaltern officer of one of the regiments quartered at Vienna. Consequences ensued which it would soon be impossible to conceal. The officer went to the general, made a confession of the fault he had committed, and entreated to be allowed to repair it by marriage. The offended but over hasty father gave a peremptory refusal, and declared that his daughter should be confined for life in a convent. On learning this terrible resolution, the unhappy young lady found means to procure some vitriolic acid, swallowed it, and destroyed herself. The miserable father became overwhelmed with grief and remorse, and calling the young officer to him, offered to make him reparation for his cruel loss by adopting him as his son, and leaving him the whole of his property. The spirited young man rejected the proposal with indignation, retired to his lodging, and blew out his brains.

A witness, examined in an Illinois court, concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant, how the plaintiff generally rode.

"He generally rides a-straddle, sir."

"How does he ride in company?"

"If he has a good horse, he always keeps up."

"How does he ride when he is alone?"

"Really, sir, I cannot say—for I never was in company with him when he rode by himself."

"You may stand aside, sir."

Beginnings.—Dowton, in his evidence before the Dramatic Committee, when asked where he first acted publicly, replied, "In a barn at Ashburton, in Devonshire, or a cowhouse, I believe; it was not so good as a barn." Mr. Powell once played Young Norval in *pattens* (because the stage was flooded from recent rains) in a wretched shed in which the company held forth. And Kean acted Sir Giles Overreach on a billiard table in a small room in Abergavenny.

VARIETIES.

[We cut the following paragraph from a newspaper, just a year ago, with a half-formed purpose to copy it. The scrap passed from our memory, until the other day, when it "turned up," as we were rummaging in a drawer full of papers. We thought the incident somewhat *apropos*, and—here is the paragraph.]

"SHADS IS COME."—This, in fish-market phraseology, is the brief but expressive announcement of one of the most soul-cheering events by which each returning spring is distinguished. "Shads *is* come!" The long-looked for, beautiful shad, is soon to exhibit his loveliness, hissing hot from the gridiron, at the morning and noontide tables of several thousand hungry and mouth-watering human beings. As yet they are rare, costly visitants; a few may be seen at the first dawn, reposing in graceful attitudes on the stalls of two or three fortunate and most enviable of fishermen; but they are snapped up, long before people in general find their way to the market-house, by the alert purveyors for the topping establishments, such as the City-hotel, Niblo's, and the American. To the mass of mankind "shads" are as yet but a name; a far-off vision; a promise of future joys. Each individual fish commands dollars; for a week or two yet, they are delicious, but very dear eating: a treasure, a *bonne-bouche* reserved for your rich fellows; those who discourse of their stocks, their mortgages, and their houses. We poor devils are fain to content ourselves with the hope of the good time that is coming; to gaze with a longing eye at the delicate inhabitant of the waters, as it is borne through the streets; and then to go home and demolish our commonplace fish—our tom-cod, or bass, or in the worst supposable case, our stewed eel, with as much relish as we can muster; musing deeply the while, on the remembered flavour of last year's indulgences in the shad line. But the good time will come anon; shad will soon be as plenty as blackberries. Fancy the first that is placed before you! an immense, broad-backed specimen; done to a second; the white meat sending up wreaths of vapour as the flakes are laid bare by the silver knife, and contrasting deliciously with the brown outside, all marked by the bars; think of the rich layers of fat—the delicate bits of red, just under the fins—the picture is too exciting! It gives us painful emotions, for which there is no relief, save in the recollection of several thousand bones. Shad, you are a lovely fish! but you *are* too bony; there is no gainsaying that. Only suppose him as free from those villanous little spikes as a halibut! or a salmon! *all* meat! that he might be gulped down like an oyster!

MARRIED, at Detroit, Michigan, on Thursday evening, March fifth, by the Reverend Mr. Cleveland, Mr. SIMEON BATCHELLOR BROWN, of Bridgewater, N. H., to Miss ANN MARIA WOODWORTH, daughter of Captain Benjamin Woodworth, of Detroit, and niece of our poetical friend, S. Woodworth, of this city. We anticipated much *epigrammatick wit* on this occasion; but, as the parties appear satisfied with plain *prose*, we shall venture to perpetrate the following:

What's *Wood worth*, now, in Michigan?
Its *flames* our wishes crown,
For he who long had *toasted* Ann,
At last has made her *Brown*.

The *fair* will long be *Brown*, no doubt;
And, by attention, may
Keep Love's bright lamp from going out,
Till *Brown* himself be gray.

A *Batchellor!*—he still is such,
And long will be the same!
Nor can he boast of *Wood worth* much
Because he changed the name.

But may new scions, if they grow,
Afford their grandsire pleasure,
And hear it said, where'er they go,
Is not *Wood worth* a treasure?

The Imported Thorough-bred Horse DAGHEE,

WILL take his stand, the present season, at the stable of Edward C. Mayo, in the village of Elizabethtown, New-Jersey. This being his first season in the United States, and he being a young horse, six years old, he is limited to 60 mares, at 30 dollars each by the season, payable when the mares are taken away, and 50 dollars to ensure a mare to be with foal, with the addition of One Dollar to pay the Groom in all cases. All mares will be charged as by the season, where a special agreement to ensure, is not entered into in the first instance. The season to commence the 20 of March, and terminate on the 15th of July.

Good Pasture will be furnished for Mares, and fed with grain when desired, upon reasonable terms, and every attention afforded, but no liability for escapes.

Pedigree.—DAGHEE was bred by Com. Sir Robert Barrie, at Swarthdale, in Lancashire, and foaled in 1829. He was got by *Muley*, the sire of Leviathan, (now in Tennessee,) of Margrave, winner of the St. Leger in 1832, and many other horses of note. His dam, *Fatima*, bred also by Com. Sir Robert Barrie, was got by the celebrated *Bay Nedjd Arabian Sheik*, out of *Maria*, bred by the late Duke of Hamilton, at Ashton Hall, in Lancashire. The *Duke of Hamilton's Maria*, (see English General Stud Book, edition of 1822, vol 2d, page 186,) was got by *Orrille*, her dam, *Lady Jane*, also bred by the Duke of Hamilton in 1806, was got by the famous *Hambletonian*, her dam, *Bay Javelin*, (also bred by the Duke,) by *Javelin*, out of *Young Flora*, own *sister to Spadille*, by *Highflyer*—Javelin, Young Flora, (sister to Spadille,) and Spadille, were likewise bred by the Duke of Hamilton, and may with propriety be styled his family of horses. The Duke of Hamilton was "celebrated for *stout blood;* he won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalled on the turf, and ran first for it the eighth, but the stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his Grace's rider having jostled." *Young Flora* was out of *Flora* by *Squirrel*, her dam, *Angelica*, by *Snap—Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian—Dam of the two True Blue's.* Muley, (sire of Daghee,) is, perhaps, the best son of Orville, and out of Sir T. Charles Bunbury's famous mare Eleanor by Whiskey.

Description.—DAGHEE is a blood bay, with black legs, mane, and tail, and sound and strong black hoofs. He is of the largest class of blood horses, being full 16 hands 2 inches in height, of length in proportion, with large bone and great muscular power, standing clear and even upon very clean, strong limbs, in fine racing form, with deep shoulder, strong back, loin, and haunches; has very great sweep in the quarters, and unusual length of thigh and arm, yet short below the knee and hock, with a hind leg, in point of strength and shape, equalled by scarce any, surpassed by none, and indicative of astonishing power as a racer; add to which, he is free from blemishes and defects of that character known to be hereditary, with which many fashionable northern bred Stallions of the present day are affected, and which they, as a matter of course, must and do entail upon their get.

Racing Powers.—DAGHEE was broke and galloped in the fall of the year 1831, when two years old past, and exhibited such racing powers, that Com. Barrie was desirous to match him against any colt of his age. In 1832, then three years old, he was put into train under direction of ROBERT DUNN, an experienced English training groom, with intention of running him at Poughkeepsie, in Dutchess county, and the Union Course, Long Island; he displayed throughout his exercise great stamina of constitution, unusual speed and continuance in every trial, so much so, that his trainer, who had come over from England for the purpose, and had been brought up in the training stable of John Scott, of Yorkshire, one of the most celebrated racing stables in England, pronounced him equal to any colt of his age, which had ever come under his observation, as will appear by the following document—when, from a supposed wrench or sprain of the muscles of of the shoulder, or other hidden cause, he fell lame in one fore leg, and was in consequence thrown out of train.

I, ROBERT DUNN, formerly of England, but at present a resident of the state of New-York, hereby certify that I was for a length of time employed in the racing and training stable of John Scott, the celebrated English training groom in Yorkshire, England, and also in the racing and training stable of my father the late William Dunn, who lost his life by accident in riding a horse of the late John Mytton, Esq., in a race upon Chester Course in England, and also in other racing stables; that in the course of my employment and practice, I have rode, exercised, and galloped some of the most celebrated English race horses, and many of those engaged at different times in the *Derby* and *St. Leger Stakes*, and having had great opportunity of judging, with confidence assert, that in several trials which I gave *Daghee*, previous to his falling lame in 1832, he exhibited a degree of speed and continuance which I never saw surpassed, and which would have obtained for him high reputation in any training stable in England. In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, this 12th day of March, 1835. ROBERT DUNN.

For a more particular description of Daghee, see American Turf Register, Vol. V. No. 5, p. 225. for 1834.

A SMITH'S Printing Press, in good order, will be disposed of on reasonable terms, on application to J. & W. SANDFORD, 17 Ann-street, 3d story.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE first spring meeting will commence during the last week in April. Due notice will be given of the purses to be trotted for. From the number of horses now in training, and the matches already made great sport may be anticipated; and the proprietor pledges himself that his utmost exertions shall be used to accommodate all those persons who have heretofore so generously patronized him.

JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

Eagle Course at Trenton, N. J.

THE First Spring Meeting will commence on Tuesday, April 21, 1835, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, a Sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies. Entrance $200—six subscribers and closed. Also the same day at 3 o'clock, a purse of $200, mile heats, best three in five.

Second day, at 12 o'clock, a purse of $300, two mile heats. Also the same day at 3 o'clock, a purse of $150, mile heats, free only for three year old Colts and Fillies, that were not winners at this meeting.

Third day, at 12 o'clock, a purse of $500, three mile heats. Also, the same day at 3 o'clock, a purse of $150, single two miles. Entrances will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the evening previous to each race, at 8 oclock. O. BAILEY, Sec'ry.

NOTE.—The law which formerly existed in New-Jersey, prohibiting Horse Racing, was repealed at the last session of the Legislature.—New and very extensive Stands have been erected on the Course, for the reception of visiters.

Trenton, March 28, 1835. mar 28-4t

Montpelier Course, Bordentown, N. J.

THE Sweepstake Race which was to come off in the Spring of 1835, will be run over this Course, on Wednesday, April 15th, 1835, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

The following horses are entered, and will, on that day, contend for the prize, viz:—

J. Davison, enters Fanny Jarman, by Henry, dam by Hickory.
Mr. Alston, enters Tyrone, by Sir Lovel, dam a Columbus Mare.
James Black, enters Chesnut Filly, by Talinda, dam Ostrich.
Samuel Laird, enters Chestnut Filly, by Henry, dam Modesty.
Mr. Camp, enters Polla Fox, by Leopold, dam Flower.
J. Vandike, enters Grey Filly, by Henry, dam Rosalinda.
J. Alston, enters Jane Lynch, by Eclipse, dam a Pacolet Mare.

JAMES DAVIDSON, Sec'ry.

NOTE.—The Spring Races will take place in May, of which due notice will be given.

Bordentown, March 28, 1835. mar 28

AUGUSTA THEATRE TO RENT.

THE Augusta Theatre, well stocked with Scenery, Machinery, Lamps, &c. is offered for rent until 1st October next—a renewal after that period, subject to a contract with the Stockholders.

For terms, apply to Dr. J. G. M'Whorter, Augusta, Geo., or to SOL. SMITH, Montgomery, Alabama.

☞ The Courier and Enquirer will also please insert the above 3 times, and forward the account for payment. mar 28

Coffee Room at Park Place House.

THE Coffee Room opened at the American Hotel, has been removed to Park Place House, where more suitable apartments are appropriated for the purpose than the Hotel could spare, and where the subscriber flatters himself the arrangements will give general satisfaction. EDWD. MILFORD.

New-York, March 28, 1835. mar28-6t

FASHIONABLE TAILOR'S STORE,

NO. 76 William street, one door below Liberty street.—ELIAS O. TAYLOR respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Courtland street to the above establishment, and just received a splendid assortment of superior goods for Spring and Summer, which he shall make up to order in the Fashion of the day, on the shortest possible notice, and at very reduced prices. ap4

CIRCULAR.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between Messrs. Solyman Brown and Samuel Avery, being, by mutual consent, dissolved, the subscriber begs leave to present to his friends and patrons the following from Mr. Brown, who is now absent at the South with Mr. E. Baker, Dentist, of this city.

Norfolk, Virginia, Feb'y 10, 1835.

This certifies to all persons who may be interested therein: That Mr. Samuel Avery has been my joint partner, for the year past, in the business and profession of Dental Surgery, and that we have practised together in the city of New-York, and also in the British province of New-Brunswick: and, furthermore, that his professional knowlege, skill, and talents, are of the first rank, entitling him to the reputation of a first-rate Dentist; he being especially distinguished for neatness, address, and gentleness in his surgical operations upon the teeth: and, furthermore, that he, the said Samuel Avery, is not only a man of honesty and integrity, but of ingenuity and talents, being in my opinion and belief, governed in his intercourse with his fellow-men, by the principles of honor, and an enlightened religious conscience: and, furthermore, that, having dissolved our partnership by mutual agreement, and for our common convenience, I hereby commend him to the confidence of all my friends and acquaintances, and to any other persons who shall repose confidence in my opinion of his profession and moral character. SOLYMAN BROWN.

As it is known to most of our friends, that the last summer and autumn were spent by us in the province of New-Brunswick, the following from the Hon. Wm. Kinnear, Barrister, Recorder of the city, and Member of the House of Assembly, of New-Brunswick, relating to the character we there sustained, is respectfully presented

St. Johns, 17th Nov., 1834.

I have just perused the very flattering testimonials from Mr. Parmly, and other gentlemen of New-York, in favour of Messrs. Brown and Avery, two gentlemen who have, for some months past, been practising as Dentists in this city, and at Fredericton, and so far as my own experience may be allowed to speak, as well as from what I have seen and heard, among my connections and friends, I have great pleasure in cordially agreeing with what have been therein expressed. Indeed, their incessant, and, I should imagine, harrassing engagements, at all hours of the day, for many months, sufficiently establish the estimation in which they were held by the public, among whom were to be found the most distinguished and respectable of our citizens.

We should be much gratified by an annual summer visit, and trust those gentlemen will find it sufficiently agreeable and profitable to accomplish such a plan. W. B. KINNEAR.

The subscriber will continue to perform all the operations belonging the Dental profession, at his present stand, No. 4, Park Place, near Broadway.

New-York, 28th March, 1835. SAMUEL AVERY.

Atwill's Piano Forte and Music Saloon.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MUSIC WAREHOUSE.—Piano Fortes, Music, and music Merchandise, No. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the Musical World, that he has opened the spacious store, No. 201 Broadway, as a fashionable MUSIC SALOON, where may always be obtained, a large and valuable assortment of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, from the first manufactories, consisting of superior

Piano Fortes, Harps, Guitars, Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Fifes, Violins, Violincellos, Accordions, Trumpets, Serpents, Trombones, Horns, Bassoons, Triangles, &c.

All of which are warranted to be correct in every respect, and can be exchanged if found otherwise.

☞ The subscriber has the pleasure to announce to his friends and the public, that he has constantly for sale a large assortment of PIANO FORTES, which for brilliancy of tone and touch, and beauty of manufacture, are not to be surpassed by any instruments in the country. He would particularly invite the attention of the profession, and the public generally, to some lately finished, of a new construction, with grand action, which possess superior excellence of tone and touch.

☞ The assortment of New and Fashionable Music, also standard publications of *old* and *valuable* Music, Gamuts, and Instruction Books, Church Music, and Music for the Flute, and every other Instrument, to be obtained at the Music Saloon, will be equal, if not more extensive, than at any other establishment in the country, as in addition to the subscriber's own publications, will be found those of every respectable Music Store in the States.

The subscriber having correspondence in Europe, will receive regular supplies of all Music Publications, from England, France, Germany, and Italy.

The variety of *Music Merchandize* will be very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to Music, and of the best manufacture, consisting in part of

Bows and Reeds; Tuning Hammers and Forks; Italian and English Strings for Violins, Violoncellos, Guitars, &c.; Mouth Pieces, Rosin, &c. &c.; Superior Ruled Music Paper, for copying.

Music bound, and Instruments repaired in the best manner.

☞ Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession, supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch, by addressing JOSEPH F. ATWILL,
MUSIC SALOON, No. 201 Broadway,
1 Near St Paul's Church, New York.

WANTED.—CAST OFF CLOTHING at MICHAEL LEVY's, 82½ Chatham-street, near Chatham-street chapel.
N. B. Please to notice the number.

AMERICAN SYSTEM OF WRITING.

ANTI-BRISTOW, ANTI-GOWARD, AMERICAN *System of* WRITING AND BOOK KEEPING.—The unblushing effrontery and impudent assertions of these quacks demand a little attention. Challenge not accepted. Royal Imposition. Manufactured Specimens of Improvement. Their own productions (said to be) mere daubs, without form or comeliness. Shame! shame on such imposition!

CHALLENGE.—I. GEO. W. MACKAY, inventor of the American System of Penmanship and Book-keeping, corner of Chatham and Pearl streets, hold myself in readiness to write from one to forty different hands, or to execute a piece of ornamental writing, against Mr. B. *the* imported q—, or the would-be Rev. I. G—d, would-be A. M, for any reasonable amount, *publicly*. And further, I am authorised, by three of my Pupils, to state, that each of them is prepared to wield the pen in business writing, with Bristow or Goward, for 100 dols. This is quackery with vengeance! Come to the point. The public shall not be deceived any longer.

N. B. Mr. Mackay's Academy, corner of Pearl and Chatham streets is open from 9, A. M. till 9, P. M. Ladies' class meets at 4. P. M.

Success guaranteed, or no charge.

Mr. Doyle, professor of the Latin and Greek languages, will attend such young gentlemen as are preparing themselves for College, &c. mlasses are now forming. Early application is requested. Terms Coderate. 2

Gardner's Celebrated Vegetable Ointment.

FOR the cure of Sprains, Bruises; Cuts or Wounds, Corks, Chaiffs, or Galls, Film in the Eye, and every external complaint to which Horses are liable.—Also Burns or Scalds, Fresh Wounds, Rheumatic pains, Swelling of the Glands of the Throat or Croup, Ague in the Face, Ring-worms and Fetters, Painful Tumours, &c.

NOTICE.—It is now about five years since I first discovered this valuable remedy, during which time I have prepared it chiefly for my own use, and that of my immediate acquaintances, in curing the external complaints of horses. Knowing full well that the people are daily imposed upon by immense floods of *nostrums* forced upon them, they have been deceived, and have become disgusted with every thing like *quackery*, I for a long time hesitated to bring the above named article forward, but am thus forced to do it by repeated, urgent and constant, advice of those to whom I have distributed the articles for the cure of the several complaints mentioned above. They have *unsolicited*, presented me with their certificate of publication, that others may be benefitted—for which I beg leave to refer to the bill of directions accompanying each bottle.

JAMES GARDNER.

Cincinnati, August 1, 1834.
⁂ The trade supplied with the above article by
1 DANIEL GODDARD, 147 Maiden Lane.

CANCER.

I THE Subscriber, doth hereby certify that my revered Mother, Mrs. Hannah Welch, aged 77, and residing in the town of Jackson, in the county of Washington, was grievously afflicted with a cancer. In January last, she employed an eminent Physician, and he pronounced it to be a rose cancer. He applied two plasters a day for several months, which was attended with excruciating pain, and produced no good effect. In the month of May last I called to see my mother, and found her in a dabgerous situation, and knowing that Dr. P. Davison, of Albany, who resides at No. 670 S. Market street was called in cancerous complaints, I advised her to come to Albany, and place herself under Dr. Davison's care; and she came to my house. He applied one of his plasters for 8 or 10 days, which removed the rose cancer, and in three weeks the cure was completed. My Mother stated that she suffered more pain with one plaster of her first Doctor than she did through all the attendance of Dr. Davison, who effected the cure in so short a time. I further state that Jirah Baker, Esq. of Hoosic, was cured of a rose cancer at my house in 1821, and still remains well. This I publish at my own expense, in this paper, for the benefit of mankind; and hoping that others will, from the same motive, notice it in their papers. Albany, September 1, 1830.

1 GEORGE W. WELCH.

A FRIEND TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

DR. BARCLAY'S Cubebs and Sarsaparilla Compound, highly concentrated by Dr. Barclay, for gonorrhœa, strictures, pains in the loins and kidneys, gout, gravel, and all the diseases of the urinary passages—the most safe, certain, and speedy remedy now in use for the cure of all these disorders, frequently proving effective in four or five days. In Europe it has been used with unbounded success, and upwards of 1800 cases succesfully treated can attest its superiority. It is taken without any risk, inconvenience, or suspension from business. For further particulars, see printed wrappers inclosing each bottle.

Prepared by S. G. Barclay, M. D. Strand, London. For sale wholesale and retail by A. Merlin, Chemist and Druggist 80 Chatham street, New York.

⁂ A. M. has always on hand an assortment of Patent Medicines, genuine as imported. Physician's prescriptions accurately prepared. Country Druggists and Merchants supplied upon the most liberal terms. A. MERLIN, 80 Chatham st. 1

PRESS MAKERS AND MACHINISTS.

ROBERT HOE & CO., PRESS MAKERS, MACHINISTS, and PRINTERS' JOINERS, Nos. 29 and 31 Gold Street, N. York.—Smith's Improved Printing Presses. Patent Standing Presses, Cylinder Book Presses, single and double. Cylinder Presses, for Newspapers. Copying Presses. Napier Presses. Lithographic Presses. Copperplate Presses. Notarial or Seal Presses. Saddlers' Presses. Falling Presses, or Stamps. Fly Presses. Patent Stereotype Blocks Patent Ruling Machines. Plough and Boards for squaring paper. Bookbinders' and Carders' Shears. Bookbinders' Cutting Presses, and Ploughs, Rolls, Fillets, &c. Imposing Stones and Frames. Chases and Composing Sticks. Composition Rollers, and Moulds for casting do. Stands and Cases. Washing and Wetting Troughs, Brass Rule of every description. Iron and Brass Side and Foot Sticks Steel and Iron Points, with and without springs. Galleys of all sizes, slice and plain. Proof Galleys, brass bottoms. Letter, Paper, and Press Boards. Quoins, Mallets, Plainers and Shooting Sticks. Furniture of all kinds. Parchments and Blankets. Lye, Proof, and Pick Brushes. Sheepfoots and Scaleboards, Ball Stocks and Skins, and Roller Skins. Saws and Sawboxes. Bodkins, Page Cords, and Peals. Candlesticks and Snuffers.

Types Supplied, of every description, at foundry prices, and every thing necessary to fit up a printing office furnished at short notice.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is not necessary to expiate on the invaluable properties of the Genuine Hygeian Vegetable Universal Medicines of the British College of Health, as their virtues are too well known to require it but it is a duty we owe the public to point out in what manner they may be assured of obtaining the genuine article, instead of one or more of the numerous counterfeit preparations which are palmed off by rogues and impostors, either as "the genuine," or "improved," or under some other equally spacious misrepresentation.

Note, in the first place—Morrison's pills, the genuine Hygeian Medicine, can never be purchased at a drug store; and in the next place—require the production of the seller's appointment, signed by me; see that the same name is written on the yellow label, at the back of each packet—and that they both correspond with one of the Agents, a list of whom may be obtained at 50 Canal street. This latter particular is the more to be regarded, as a late counterfeiter, to render his imposture more perfect, has not only filched the title, "Hygeian," but has also adopted a yellow label, somewhat similar to the genuine.

A few copies of the 2d volume of Morrisoniana, being a record of the proceedings of the British College of Health, during the year 1833, are just received, and may be had of the only Agents in New York, as follows: Mr. Joseph Stanley, Bookseller, 50 Canal street, next to the corner of Broadway; Mrs. King, 148 Fulton street, and the Rev. J. H. Browner, 95 Barrow street, and for the convenience of the numerous families residing in the various parts of the city, of the following sub agents.—Messrs. Firth & Hall's Music store, No. 1, Franklin square; Mr. Daniel D. Smith, Bookseller, No 190 Greenwich street; Mr. George Kearsing, Gold Beater, No. 88 Reed street; Miss Elizabeth Weed, No. 402 Grand street. By appointment of

H. S. MOAT,
GENERAL AGENT, Smith street, Brooklyn.

Morrisoniana, Practical Proofs and Hygeian Record, particularly recommended to the perusal of all who are disposed to benefit their health, may be had of any of the Agents or Sub-Agents above named

---

DR. CERLIEU'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT.

A SOVEREIGN remedy for the Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Leprosy, and other cutaneous complaints. These dreaded diseases, which are met with so much reluctance by the Physician, and in which he is so universally unsuccessful, have at length found a certain remedy. DR. CERLIEU'S OINTMENT. This ointment has stood the test of experience, and justly gained an unparalleled celebrity. It has, in three or four weeks, cured cases of more than thirty years standing, which had baffled the art of experienced physicians, and resisted the power of every other remedy that could be devised. It immediately removes the scabs, gives a healthy action to the vessels of the skin, restores its original color and smoothness. There is nothing of a mercurial nature contained in it, and may be used on infants or others under any circumstances whatever. The proprietor has in his possession, and is daily receiving, testimonials of its superior efficacy, but chooses that a fair trial shall be its only commentator, confident that by the use of a single bottle the most sceptical will be fully convinced of its superiority over all other medicine ever before offered to the public for these troublesome complaints. Sold wholesale and retail, by A. G. Clark, 23 Grand street. Price 56 cents per bottle 1 pa. 3 mo.

TO PAINTERS AND GILDERS.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF, warranted super quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt str New York.

N. B. Gold, silver, and copper bronzes, of differ colors and qualities, at lowest price, for cash. Orders w be shipped punctually and free of charges. Addr GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watt street, New York.

COUGH DROPS.

THE celebrated American Cough Drops, a cert remedy for Colds, Obstinate Coughs, Asthma, Influenza, Weakness of the Breast, Spitting of Blood, and other Diseases of the Lungs. In consequence of the extensive approbation of this medicine, the proprietor h reduced the price to fifty cents per bottle. The high testimonials of its efficacy and its long standing enables proprietor to recommend it with confidence to the publ Sold wholesale and retail by the agents in New York.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL,
j31 86 William street, and 110 Broadway.

CHEAP LIBRARY.

WILLIAM PEARSON &c, announce that th have commenced a republication of vaula books in a very handsome and cheap form, in week numbers of 32 pages octavo, price 6 cents each. T Numbers contain each more reading than any other wo of the kind hitherto published; and consequently cheapest that has ever been presented to the world. T first six numbers will contain "I. D'Israeli's Curiosit of Literature," a work that abounds in interesting ane dotes, shrewd, and generally correct judgment. T general title adopted for the series is "The Alexandria —this name being derived from that of the celebrat Egiptian Library.

The Alexandrian will contain nothing of a perishal cast, but on the contrary will embody the most valual works, placing them in the hands of those who wo otherwise be debarred the gratification of their perus The work now publishing cannot at present be had less than from three to four dollars, whereas in this fo it will not cost as many shillings.

Single numbers can be purchased at all times, and subscriber is bound to continue the work longer than gives satisfaction. Any individual getting six year subscribers, will be entitled to a copy of the work free.

Terms three dollars a year if paid in advance, and w ls sent by mail to all parts of the United States. A letters must be post paid.

WILLIAM PEARSON & CO.
No. 106 Nassau street, New York.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Among the multitude of new works springing up ever where about us, it is truly gratifying to find one embody ing all the sterling worth which characterises the fir number of "The Alexandrian Library." It contain thirty-two octavo pages of fine letter-press, on handsom baper, in a convenient form for binding, and will embrac a series of works in every department of general liter ture and familiar science. The terms (six cents per No are such as to place it within the means of every individu al, and every individual will find it to his advantage secure a copy as it is issued from the press.

In six numbers, commencing with the first, will b completed the "Curiosities of literature," by I. D'Israeli Esq. thus affording for 37 1-2 cents a work, the lowe price of which, now, is Four Dollars!—Spirit of th Times.

Pearson, of New-York, the original publisher of th "Republic of Letters," has also just started a new serie of classical works in elegant octavo form, two column a page, called the "Alexandrian." The very amusing and original work of D'Israeli, called the "Curiosities o Literrture," forms the first numbers. The ordinary edi tions of this book sell for $5—Pearson's edition will be 35 or 40 cents—not a penny more. The beauty and neatnes of the paper and print are admirable. Messrs. Chappell & Co. Chesnut street, are the Philadelphia agents.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"The Alexandrian."—We call the attention of every friend to literature to the series of important works about to be republished The general title adopted for the series is the Alexandrian. Mr. Pearson commences with a work of real merit,—the "Curiosities of Literature," by D'Israeli. It abounds in interesting anecdote, shrewd, and generally correct judgment. We are pleased to find that the ephemeral, we may add, the silly effusions of the vanishing hour, are not to be embodied in the "Alexandrian." Mr. Pearson has judiciously undertaken a meritorious labour, worthy of public patronage." "The Alexandrian will be published once in each week, upon new and beautiful type, and on fine white paper. It will contain thirty-two large octavo pages of letter press, in a convenient form for binding and preserving, and will embrace works in every department of general literature and familiar science. Terms six cents per numbel, payable on delivery." If works worth reading be an object, the Alexandrian will be read and supported by all. It has our best wishes.—New York Diary.

The Alexandrian.—With our views of the importance of rendering science a branch of general reading, it affords us pleasure to announce the re-publicatiin, by Pearson, of valuable Literary and Scientific Works. The name, (based on historical statements of the magnitude of the celebrated Alexandrian Library,) affords a hint to the extent of the design before the publisher. It is a design truly worthy of American enterprise.

The first number now before us, contains D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature"—a work too well known to need explaining. It will occupy the first six numbers of the Alexandrian, and costs but three shilling! The lowest price of the original work now is four dollars.—Badger's Weekly Messenger

---

MEDICINE CHESTS.

AN assortment of Medicine Chests of the most approved patterns either for ships or private families constantly on hand and for sale by

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL,
j31 86 William street, and 110 Broadway.

NEW-YORK TATTERSALLS,

THE regular public sale at this well known establishment will take place every Monday at 12 o'clock, and all horses, &c., intended for sale must be shown and entered on or before the previous Saturday at 4 o'clock, P. M. Carriages and Harness always for sale by public or private contract, by

JOHN W. WATSON & CO, No. 446 Broadway.

TO THE PUBLIC.

DR. RALPH'S Improved Hygean Pills. It is deemed unnecessary, in this address, to dwell upon the utility of this General and Domestic Remedy, the increasing demand for it, and the public confidence it has acquired, being the best proof of its value. It is proper, however, to state that the principle of Dr. Ralph's Pills is founded on the doctrines of the *British College of Physicians* and *Royal College of Surgeons*, London; and that they are sanctioned and recommended by the writings and practice of Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Abernethy, and Dr. Babbington, as well as by most of the eminent practitioners of England and the Continent.

It is a point of much importance to assure the public that the Hygean Pills, which are sanctioned by these high authorities, are chiefly sold by druggists. Indeed the very serious consequences that have of late transpired from confirming the sale of Hygean Pills to tavern keepers and picture shops, have made this notice absolutely necessary. In order however to prevent the imposition of Spurious Hygean Pills of every kind, it has been found expedient to have the written signature of Dr. Ralph upon the outside cover of every package. None are genuine, therefore, which are not signed as follows—

JOS. RALPH, M. D.

Graduate of the University of Edinburgh; Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c. &c. and author of the Domestic Guide to Medicine. General Office, 38 Courtlandt street, New York, where country merchants and families are supplied.

N.B. In consequence of frequent and increasing consultations on the subject of the Improved Hygean Pills in various chronic and long standing disorders, Dr. Ralph is obliged (as much as possible) to confine himself to his own house in Courtlandt street, for private consultations and advice; but to those who really cannot afford the expense, he devotes two mornings in the week (Tuesday and Friday) until 12 o'clock, when advice and Hygean Pills are given GRATIS. 1

CHARLES EDWIN ELY,

NO. 82 Liberty street, corner of Broadway, Engraver and Printer, executes in a superior style, Visiting and Official Cards, Diplomas, Certificates, Labels, &c.—The attention of hatters are particularly invited to his new style of *hat-tips*, which, for elegance and cheapness, will be found to surpass every thing of the kind which has hitherto been invented. At the same office is executed *Ornamental Penmanship*, in all its varieties, in a new and beautiful style; also *Lithographic Writing* of every description.

N. B. Mercantile Circulars, &c. lithographed and printed at the shortest notice. j31

FRANKLIN COFFEE HOUSE.

96 Maiden Lane, and 15 Cedar st., between William and Pearl streets.

THE Proprietors having extended their establishment, beg to inform their friends and the public, that they can accommodate boarders in the most comfortable manner. To the merchants its location is peculiarly desirable, being near to the Exchange, the Bank and Auction stores; in fact in the very focus of business.—The bed-rooms are single, the beds and furniture new and of the best materials. Breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, can be had at the shortest notice. A bill of fare from 12 till 4 o'clock, comprising every variety that the season affords—this enables the boarders to dine when convenient. Rooms for the use of clubs, public meetings &c. Private parties can be accommodated at the shortest notice. Beds by the night. The business will be conducted as hertofore, under the firm of

1 CLARKE & BROWN.

BEWARE OF IMITATION.

GEORGE SAUNDERS, No. 128 Broadway, in submitting his patent Razor Strop with a metalic Tablet to the public, begs to state, that he has been for 18 years past trying various methods to bring to perfection, and that he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. The general approbation he has met with throughout the United States, as well as in England, and from several scientific gentlemen, will, he trusts, be sufficient to recommend it to the public. I: would therefore appear arrogation in him were he to say any thing farther in its recommendation: but as it may be more satisfactory to the public to have the opinion of some of those distinguished men who have honored him with their approbation, he has deemed it right to insert in this advertisement the following: The undersigned, having for some time made daily use of Geo. Saunder's Improved Strop, we can freely testify to its value. The side which he calls the metalic tablet is, as far as we know, a thing of his own introduction into this country; it appears to be an excellent convenient substitute for a hone, and operating upon the same principle as steel does upon a table knife, but with far greater smoothness and certainty, it saves the unpleasant necessity of water, to assist in whetting. The other three sides of the Strop are exceedingly well finished, flat, smooth, and almost elastic, preserving the razors from that roundness of edge which so soon destroys its keenness.

J. GRISCOM.
VALENTINE MOTT.

P. S. A liberal discount will be made to wholesale customers. None are genuine in the city, except those sold at 128 Broadway. 1

SMOKEY CHIMNEYS.

NO Cure no Pay. One of the greatest drawbacks to domestic economy and the nature of buildings, is a smokey chimney; and though so commonly met with, its origin is yet too frequently wrapped in doubt, to admit of a perfect cure. So many causes combine, latent as well as apparent, that it cannot be considered any thing but a desideratum in science, to find some plan by which the evil may be eradicated, and the inhabitant effectually relieved from the disagreeable nuisance.—It will be needless to enter into any discussion of a point which is open continually to the theory of every individual suffering under its influence. But, were it necessary, the advertiser is prompt to observe, that though the question, (simple as it is,) has employed the min s even of the mathematicians and philosophers, without success, the practical man is not without an antidote, which experience has taught him, to set the matter perfectly at rest. Notwithstanding the various causes which produce the unpleasant effect of smoking apartments, a few of which may be seated in the state of the atmosphere—the situation or aspect of the building or apartment—the prevailing points of the compass when the wind blows—the quantity and quality of the fuel, together with the facilities of draught in the flue, or the general malformation of the chimney, its height, &c., it is, nevertheless, a question of practice rather than theory, and the extraneous influences are only to be conquered by one who is thoroughly acquainted, from long experience, with their hidden and probable causes.

The advertiser, in calling the attention of the inhabitants of the City of New York to the subject, predicating his ability upon his long experience and attention to the subject, begs to say, that he will effectually cure, in the most inveterate instances, or forego all remuneration for his trouble. JAMES SEARS 65 Mercer street. 1

PARK PLACE HOUSE.

PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON, (Formerly Cruttend n's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carrybaggage to and from the boat *free of expese.* j31

THE PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL,

SILVER Medal and Diploma of the American Institute, were awarded for the best Incorruptible Teeth Superior Methods of Fixing them in the Mouth, and other Improvements in Dental Surgery, to JONATHAN DODGE, Operative, Surgical and Mathematical Dentist, No. 5 Chambers st. New York. 1

MILLER AND JEWITT, PAINTERS,

NO. 29 Nassau street, New York.

j.17 1—

NORTH AMERICAN COUGH DROPS.

A Sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Spitting Blood, Consumption, &c., These dreaded diseases which are daily sweeping away from the face of the aarth so many thousands of our fellow beings, which have so long been considered incurable, which are met with so much reluctance by by the physician, and which have heretofore bid defiance to his best directed efforts have at length found a certain cure in the NORTH AMERICAN COUGH DROPS. These drops have been faithfully proved by the most eminent medical men of this country, and found superior to any medicines ever before offered to the public; for these diseases even in the last stages of consumption, they operate as a mild soothing, palliative medicine, and are truly invaluable. The proprietor might cite numberless instances of cures performed by this medicine, where all others had failed, and present a host of certificates of efficacy; but so great is his confidence in its curative power that he chooses that a *fair trial* shall be its only recommendation. Sold at wholesale and retail, by

A. G. CLARK,
Corner of Grand and Sullivan-streets.

Price 56 cents a bottle. February 14th, 1835. 3m.

J. BARDOTTE'S GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING ROOM 146 Broadway 1

DR. HULL'S IMPROVED TRUSS.

FOR the safety and satisfaction of the public it is worthy of notice, that this unrivalled instrument, in its present improvedstate, is the only one which has received the patronage of the Medical Faculty of this city, and is recommended by them as the only one that atients can rely upon for the safe retention and cure of Hernia. More than one thousand Physicians and Surgeons have expressed a decided preference for this Truss over all others heretofore or now in use. Valentine Mott, M. D. says:—"For the last 12 months the curative powers of Dr. Hull's Truss have been tested under my own observations with the most gratifying success, in cases of great difficulty, where the *mutilated imitation trusses*, so common in our market, had only aggravated the disease. Dr. Hull is an experienced Surgeon, and his Truss, in my opinion, is the only one which is entitled to the patronage of the profession and the confidence of the public." Letters patent of the United States have been granted to Dr. Hull for 14 years from the last improvement, dated July, 5th, 1833. Dr. Hull's office; No. 132 Fulton street. 1

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

JUST arrived from London, *Malliadet's Mechanical and Musical Museum*; which will be exhibited for a short time in PEALE'S MUSEUM or Gallery of the Fine Arts, Broadway, opposite the Park. Consisting of the following elegant pieces of Mechanism:

La Belle Rozalana, or Musical Lady. This wonderful piece of Mechanism plays, with the greatest precision, sixteen airs. The respiration and sweet movement of the figure are really astonishing, and have been mistaken for life.

The Little Spaniard, a Rope Dancer, who amuses the company with his agility and evolutions.

The Old Necromancer, or Fortune Teller. He answers a question put to him, without ever offending or making a mistake.

The Juvenile Artist, a Mechanical Drawing and Writing Figure.

Mechanical Walking Figure. Mechanics have hitherto announced it beyond the power of art to construct a figure that can walk, supported only by its own legs. This figure in every gesture and in every limb, muscle, moves and walks like a thing of life.

Beautiful *Gold Serpent, Siberian Mouse, Egyptian Libard*, and a *Tatantula Spider.* Those four last are made of the finest gold, and embossed with Diamonds, Pearls, and precious stones.

Humming Bird, enclosed in a rich box set with precious stones. This little bird, af er warbling its sweet notes, returns to its place of abode.

The above valuable collection of Automata, and a self acting Musical Instrument, will be exhibited during the day and evening.

Living Animals. a Serpent of Bengal; *Boa Constrictor* of South America, and the *Cameleon*, are perfectly docile, and may be handled with perfect safety.

Miniature Glass Blowing during the day and evening. The various articles manufactured are for sale.

The *Cosmorama* is on the third story.

Admittance to the whole, 25 cents. Children half price. 1

NEW YORK STEAM SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT.

NO. 80 Cedar street, one door east from Broadway. All orders in the above line thankfully received and punctually attended to.

N. B. Clothes repaired at the shortest notice.

1 WILLIAM WALES.

NEW YORK AND PROVIDENCE STEAM COMPANY.

FOR Newport and Providence, every Monday Wednesday and Friday, the splendid Steamboat, President, Captain E. S. Bunker, or the Benjamin Franklin, Captain Robert B. Coleman, wil leave New-York at 5 o'clock, and Providenc at 12 o'clock.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street or to the Captain, on board, at the foot of Courtland street. 1

THE HAIR.

WARDS VEGETABLE HAIR OIL.—Recommended and approved by the faculty, prepared only by E. A. Ward, M. D. 244 Spring street, New York. Among the many and great variety of Oils, Cerates, Balms, &c. to promote the growth of the hair, nothing has yet been discovered to answer the object intended so effectually as Ward's Oil. It has established a reputation never before acquired by any other preparation. It has restored hair on heads that have been bald for many years, and in all cases where the hair is dead and beginning to grow dry and falling off, it exerts a most salutary influence, imparting life and lustre. When the hair is turning gray, the oil will so invigorate it as to cause it to resume its natural color and beauty, hence it is of great utility to persons in whom there is a constitutional predisposition to grayness.

Ladies will find it a great acquisition to the toilet, and after becoming acquainted with its intrinsic merit, will consider it indispensable.

Caution.—The great celebrity of this Oil, and the extensive demand for the article, has induced many base and unprincipled men to select it for imitation,: then resorting to every kind of deception and fraud to palm the counterfeit upon the public. Be very particular to observe that round each genuine bottle is a treatise on the human hair of about thirty pages, treating on the following interesting and important subjects, viz. History of some of the fashions of wearing the Hair; the national differences of the Hair; structure of the Hair, and manner which it is produced; color of the Hair; grey Hair; baldness; cause of baldness; baldness in young men; the decline of the Hair among females; treatment of the Hair; how to manage the Hair in sickness; the influence of warm climates upon the Hair; how to manage children's Hair; sensitive Hair, &c. Sold wholsale by the Proprietor, 244 Spring street. Also, by appointment, at Rushton and Aspinwall's, 31 William street, and 110 Broadway, and Downer and Tyler's 88 Barclay street, general agents for New York. Retailed by Place and Soullard, No. 2 Park Row, (below the theatre;) Tanner and McCready, 461 Broadway, (corner of Grand street;) and A. Inness and Co. 188 Bowery, (corner of Spring street;) N. and J. Marcelis, 92 Canal street, J. D. Neal, Franklin square, G. W. Embree, corner of Market street and East Broadway, Silas Carl and Nephew, 199 Water street, corner of Fulton, Charles Thompson, Druggist, 29 Maiden Lane, corner of Nassau street, New York.

N.B. Purchasers are requested to inquire for Ward's Vegetable Hair Oil, as there are a variety of Oils assuming the name of Vegetable for no other purpose than to to get it into the market under the high reputation of the above. 1

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT.

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT.—Persons affected with consumption, cough, asthma, spitting of blood, and other affections of the chest and lungs, will find this medicine one of the best they can procure. It is wholly vegetable, being a concentrated preparation, possessing the entire virtue of the herb Liverwort which cannot be procured in the ordinary mode of preparation. Liverwort, even in the common way of preparation, is known universally as the best article for the diseases of the lungs ever discovered; it is obvious that a highly concentrated preparation securing the whole virtues of the herb must be invaluable. It is warranted to give relief, and the proprietors guarantee it to be incapable of injuring any person who takes it. An experienced physician and surgeon in constant attendance day and night. Letters from any part of the Union or British America, receive immediate attention. Information respecting their disease remitted by patients to the subscriber, will receive immediate and medical advice.

DR. G. TAYLOR, 375 Bowery.

The following communication is submitted as testimony of the confidence reposed in this medicine by our physicians. Other communications can be seen at the store.

Dear Sir,—I feel unequivocal pleasure in the opportunity now offered me, of expressing my approbatory opinion of your Balsam of Liverwort, and of the success I have ever obtained from its administration. I have used your medicine in upwards of sixty cases, comprising all stages of disease, from incipient Cold and Cough, to advanced Phthisic, and have invariably found immediate relief. I commend it cheerfully in all cases where the Chest and Lungs are affected, particularly in Consumption, with Scrofulous Diathesis. For Chroni Cough, Pain in the Chest, Spitting of Blood, &c. I have no hesitation in pronouncing your Vegelable Medicine unrivalled.

With respect, your obedient servant,
GEO. CAMPBELL, M. D.
And Member of the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

To Dr. G. Taylor.
New York, February 20th, 1835.

VAPOUR BATHS.

WHITLAW'S PATENT MEDICATED VAPOUR BATHS, for the cure of consumption in its middle or incipient stage; Scrofula in all its various forms; Cancerous Tumours in their incipient stage: Cutaneous diseases, Liver complaints, Rheumatism, Gout, Asthma, Debility, and all disorders arising from the derangement of the Digestive organs: in connexion with vegetable remedies, and a suitable plan of diet and regimen, at 280 Broadway and 195 Bowery, where baths can be had at all hours of the day and evening, several baths being constantly kept in readiness to prevent delay.

Persons in the United States, Canadas, or the West Indies, desirous of purchasing the bath and patent right for the use of their families, or for a city, county, state or province; and physicians in the city or country, who desire to possess this powerful auxiliary to their practice, will please apply to "the Proprietor of the Patent Right at 280 Broadway," by letter—post paid. Feb 28 6m

REMOVAL.

MR. BRYAN, Dentist and Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth, begs leave to apprise his patrons of his removal from 21 Warren street to 115 CHAMBERS ST., between Church and Chapel streets, where he will continue to insert the best quality of Natural and Incorruptible Teeth, and perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most approved manner.

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

H. BAX, respectfully informs the inhabitants of the United States that he has commenced business at 334 Broadway, New York, with a choice collection of the most fashionable goods to suit the present season, and he flatters himself that their quality and fashion at the undermentioned very low prices, for cash only, will secure him heir favor and patronage.

Superfine Saxony Dress Coat,	$20 00
Extra-fine do. do. black and blue,	24 00
Frock, superfine, lined with silk,	23 00
Extra fine do.	26 00
Superfine black Trowsers,	8 00
Extra do. do.	10 00

Rich Silk Vests, from $3 to $4 each.

Cash on delivery.

N. B The most scientific mode of Cutting taught on the most reasonable terms. 5

PATENT WATER FILTER.

G. WADE begs leave to inform the public that he has made great improvemants in Water Filters, and obtained a patent for the same. The great defect in former Filters is, that when any sediment has collected in the receiver, it cannot be cleansed, and they are, therefore, soon out of order. The Patent Filter is composed of two jars, one suspended in the other, so that the Filter may be taken out and the receiver cleansed at pleasure; also, by an improved arrangement of the filtering materials, this filter may be sent to any part of the world without getting in the least disarranged. The capacity of these jars is such that from thirty to fifty gallons of pure water per day may be filtered from them for years; and the price so moderate, that no family ought to be without one. Sold only by the manufacturer and sole patentee, G. WADE, 5 Wall street.

Feb 28 tf

ROGER'S PATENT BALANCE FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skilful Engineers at the United States Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of he said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals. This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices.

TO MERCHANTS & SAWYERS.

ROBERT HOE & CO., Nos. 29 and 31 Gold street, New-York, have added to their Printing Press Establishment, the manufacture of SAWS, of every description. Also, Doctors, or Calico Printers' Webs, of Steel or Composition. Cotton Gins, or Cotton Cleaning Machines. Hay, Straw, Leather Dressers' and Saddlers' knives. Plated Squares, Bevels, Trowels, &c. &c.

On hand—CAST STEEL Mill, Pit, and Crosscut Saws; Circular Saws, from 6 to 30 inches diameter; Hand Pannel, Sash and Tenon Saws; Billet Web, or Woodcutters' Saws; Veneering, Table, Compass, and Bow Saw; Squares, Bevels, Brick and Plastering Trowels.

⁂ The above articles are warranted, and will be exchanged if not good.

A liberal discount made to dealers; and orders, to any extent, put up and forwarded to any part of the United States.

The proprietors, relying upon the superior quality of their articles, hope, by prompt attention to business to secure the patronage and confidence of a discriminating public, who have heretofore been dependent upon foreign manufactures.

WHOLESALE PERFUMERY ESTABLISHMENT.

JOHNSON and CO., successors to Snyder and Co., respectfully inform their former Customers, Country Merchants, Druggists, &c. that having succeeded to the business, they have made large additions to their former stock, both of their own Manufacture and Imported Fancy Articles, and Perfumery, they state, without fear of contradiction, that they have the largest and most complete assortment in their line in the United States. That having reduced their prices at least 10 per cent, and having again received the premium at the last Fair of the American Institute Merchants, Druggists, and Dealers in Perfumery, will find it to be materially to their interest to favor us with a trial.

JOHNSON and CO. Wholesale Perfumers and Chemists,
1 39 Cedar street, sign of the Civet Cat,

Doctor Mead's Anti-Dyspeptic and Bilious Pills.

THE best remedy ever yet discovered for those distressing complaints termed Dyspepsia, and Bilious complaints, proceeding from a deranged state of the stomach and liver: known by loss of appetite, nausea, gnawing pain in the stomach, heartburn, languor, costiveness, lowness of spirits, paleness of the countenance; and frequently accompanied with nervous complaints, palpitation of the heart, giddiness, and disturbed sleep.

The great success of these Pills has induced many persons to offer to the public various imitations, pretending to the virtues of this valuable remedy; which is the invention of a physician who has applied his study and practice, for many years, to these distressing complaints.

The public will please to observe that none are genuine, unless the directions accompanying each box, has the signature of the sole proprietor, GEO. SMITH.

Sold in this city by Hull & Bowne, 128 Maiden-lane, who are wholesale agents for the proprietor; by Chas. E. Cornell, 46 Broadway; H. T. Kiersted, Broadway, corner of Spring-street; J. B Nones, 634 Broadway; J. & J. Coddington, 371 Greenwich street; J. R. Hibbard, 228 Bowery; at Church's Dispensary, Bowery, corner of Spring street. In Boston, by Jos. Kidder. In Philadelphia, by T. W. Dyott, and J. Thompson. In Baltimore, by C. & D. & S. Keener, and Henry Prince. In Alexandria, by Wm. Stables, and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States. 1

ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

FIRST COMPLETE AMERICAN EDITION. George Dearborn, No. 38 Gold street, has just published, "The Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthagenians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Grecians and Macedonians:" including a History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients. By Charles Rollin. With a Life of the Author, by Charles Bell. In 2 volumes 8vo.

The work is printed on fine paper, and embellished with nine Engravings, including three colored Maps.

PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

In presenting to the American Public, this new and improved edition of Rollin's Ancient History, the Publisher deems it proper to point out some of the instances, which it is believed will give it a superiority over any other hitherto published in this country—They are,

First—The restoration of the prefatory remarks of Rollin, to each history, as originally prepared by him, and inserted in the French editions.

Second—The addition of "A History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients," by Rollin, asinserted in the original, and all subsequent French editions.

The following extract from the prefrce of the Publishers of the Glasgow Edition of 1834, edited by James Bell, will more clearly show the importance of the additions referred to.

"The publishers venture to say this is the only entire and unmutilated edition of Rollin's History in English, which has issued from the press for more than eighty years: indeed they are not aware that any other unmutilated edition was ever printed in Britian, except the first English edition published in 1738 by J. & P. Chapton, London. In Rollin's original work, as may be seen by consulting the French editions, and the first English edition of 1748, the author has introduced each separate division of the history by suitable prefatory remarks. In the subsequent editions, however, these different introductions have been thrown together in the most confused and undistinguished manner, for the purpose of forming one general preface to the whole work; by which means not only is the original form of the work marred, but the utility of those valuable portions of it are in a great measure destroyed. But what is still worse, this part of the work has been exceedingly mutilated by the suppression of *many paragraphs*, and even *whole pages*; by which means the sentiments and remarks of the learned and pious author upon some of the most important and interesting subjects have been hidden from and lost to his English readers: and this is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as the mutilator has manifested any thing but a preference for the doctrines and morality of the Bible, in a selection of those parts of the work which he has chosen to suppress. In order also to make up the above-mentioned heterogeneous preface the whole of Chapter III. Book X. of the original work, forming part of the history of the Persians and Grecians, and amounting to above one hundred pages of the first English edition, has been torn from its original place in the work and thrown into the centre of the aforesaid general preface, without the smallest apparent regard to any principles of order or connexion, thus completing such a flagrant instance of literary license as it is hoped but seldom occurs. In the edition now offered to the public, the various introductions to the several divisions of the history have been printed in their original separate form, and the many paragraphs formerly suppressed, as also Chapter III. Book X. have all been restored to their proper places.

"It is a known fact to some English readers of Rollin, that the original edition of his 'Ancient History,' and all the subsequent French Editions down to that edited by Mr. Letronne in 1823, contain as an integral part of the work, 'A History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients.' What first induced the English publishers to mutilate the work, by suppressing so large and valuable portion of it, we shall not determine; certain, however, it is, that their injudicious example has been followed in all the English editions published since 1740; so that even few Booksellers are now aware of the fact, that in all the English Editions of Rollin published during the last eighty-five years, nearly a *third part of the work has been suppressed.* and that part too which the author himself, in common we believe with every enlightened and philosophic mind, regarded as the most valuable and interesting of the whole."

It will be seen from the above extract, that the present edition of Rollin's Ancient History contains nearly one-third more than any other hitherto issued from the American Press.

New York, Oct. 1834

Tranby's First Season in America.

IT being probable that this renowned Racer and Stallion will only make one season in Virginia for several years, I have prevailed on his owners to permit him to take the stand heretofore advertised by me for Fylde. Tranby is now at my stables, Henrico county, four miles north of Richmond, and immediately on the Brook Turnpike Road, leading to Fredericksburg. He is now ready to serve mares at $60 the season, payable the 1st of July, (when the season will expire,) $100 insurance, payable when it is ascertained the mare is in foal, or transferred, with one dollar cash to the groom, in every instance. Mares will be fed without stint, at two shillings per day, to be paid for when they are taken away. I have provided stables both for barren mares and those having colts, and separate enclosures for each.

Every precaution will be taken to prevent accidents or escapes, but no responsibility for either.

Tranby, now rising 9 years old, is a beautiful rich dappled bay, without white, except a small ring around the coronet of his near hind foot, full 15 1-2 hands high, of fine bone, great length, substance, beauty and power, and of unsurpassed action and carriage. His racing performances, (for which see handbills, and his memoir, which will be forthwith published in our Sporting Magazines,) prove that he possessed *very fine speed*; but his excellency was *untiring stoutness*, and unflinching *game and bottom*—in this respect, he perhaps, never had a superior in this or any other age. His racing was mostly at New-Market, where he beat many first rate horses, short distances, as Lucetta, &c.; but perhaps the most masterly performance on record, was *his performance* in a match against time. He travelled in 2 months, nearly 600 miles, ran 9 hard races, winning, when carrying as much as 175 lbs. and then was rode by Mr. Osbaldestone, weighing 11 stone, 3 lbs. (157 lbs.) four heats of 4 miles each, in the following time:—

First heat,	run in	8 min.	10 sec.
Second "	"	8	"	
Third "	"	8	"	15 "
Fourth "	"	8	"	50 "

Thus performing at 5 years old, the task of running 16 miles, with this immense weight, in 33 minutes, 15 seconds

Tranby's great beauty, rich color, excellent form, pure pedigree, fine size, unrivalled action, and the great promise of his colts, (which Mr. Tattersall, in a letter to his owners, says "are as fine as man can see,") are recommendations very rarely met with in the same stallion. Breeders who desire any of this noble animal's stock, should avail themselves of the present opportunity, as they may not again have a chance for several years—perhaps never.

PEDIGREE.

Tranby was got by Blacklock, one of the best racers and stallions ever in England. Blacklock, when four years old, carrying 119 lbs., ran over Knarvessaire, 4 miles, in 1818, in 7 min. 25 sec.; his dam by Orville, (sire of Emilius, Muley and Octavius, and grand sire of Priam, Plenipo and Sarpedon,) Orville won the St. Leger, and was a first rate racer and stallion—Miss Grimstone by Weazel, a capital son of old Herod—Ancaster—Damascus Arabian—Sampson—Oroonoko, Sister to Mirza, by the Godolphin Arabian—Hobgoblin—Whitefoot—Leader—Moonah Barb Mare. RO. C. WILLIAMSON.

Gentlemen sending mares from Norfolk, District of Columbia, Baltimore, and their vicinities, can have them taken from the wharf at Richmond, to the horse, and returned on board the steamboat, free of expense, if due notice is given me. My address is Richmond, Virginia. mar 28

GOHANNA.

THIS celebrated horse from Virginia, is now on Long Island, and will make his season in the vicinity of the Union Course.

PEDIGREE.

By Sir Archy, dam Merino Ewe, by imported Jack Andrews, g. d. the celebrated running mare Spot, by imported Bedford, g. g. dam by Cade, g. g. dam an English mare imported in 1783, as one of the best bred fillies in England, and cost 300 guineas, at two years old, g. g. g. g. dam Squirt, Cral, &c.

Cade, the only one of the above named horses not imported, was by Old Partner, out of the imported mare Kitty Fisher; Partner by the imported horse Morton's Traveller, and out of the imported mare Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian.

Thus it will be seen that the blood of Gohanna is as rich as any in this country, and is of a fine racing family. His dam Merino Ewe was herself an excellent racer. His full sister Phillis won a 2d heat at Tree Hill, beating Betsey Robinson, John Richards and others in the unprecedented time for that course, in 7 56. His full sister Charlotte Temple won eleven out of thirteen of her first races on the best courses in the South.

Gohanna himself at three years old won all his sweepstakes in fine style and time, was never beaten, and beating the best in day, such as Janette, La Fayette, Betsey, Arcine, &c. At four years old at Petersburg, he beat Flertilla and Shakspeare four mile heats. At Tree Hill the following week 4 mile heats, he beat Betsey Richards and others, but lost the race, which was won by Ariel. After this his then owner, Theophilus Field, Esq. died, and he was purchased at his sale by the subscriber. From hands of skill and judgment he was thus transferred to those of inexperience. His future racing career reflects but little credit on him, being destined to follow in the wake of the invincible and iron sinewed Ariel, with whom he ran a race at Nottoway of 3 mile heats in 5 50, 5 46, and lost it by a few feet.

Gohanna is the sire of Mary Randolph that sold for so high a price, when 3 years old. In the fall when three, she won the Proprietor's Purse at Fairfield, on Tuesday following at Norfolk she beat Ironette, Eliza Drake, and five others, two mile heats. Two days after she beat four mile heats, Goliah, Annette and four others, and on the following Tuesday, she won the Stallion Stakes at Three Hill, of two miles, beating Ironette, Sir Walter Scott, Blue Bird, thus running 20 miles in 14 days without losing a heat. The blood of Ariel was again fated to mar the brilliant prospects of Gohanna. O'Kelly her full brother beat Mary Randolph over the Union Course, Long Island, the spring she was 4 years old, time quite indifferent.

Gohanna is also the sire of Lucy Ashton, now running with so much fame to the South; also of Tobacconist, frequently a winner, and of Rolla a good race horse, also of Tyrant, runner at Washington, 3 miles in 5 58, and running second to Trifle in Baltimore 4 miles in 7 54

Gohanna in color and appearance will shew with any horse in the United States. Gentlemen breeders are requested to see him.

This much it has been thought necessary to say of Gohanna. His late owner Mr. Field, a gentleman of high honor and as much candor as any in Virginia, was at great pains to preserve his blood, and did consider in Gohanna, he had the best Race horse and the best Stock horse (to succeed old Archy) on the continent. Other gentlemen of great experience and ability on the Turf, have owned Stallions to compete with Gohanna, and the well earned reputation of he gentlemen owners, have given them the selectionof the best mares in the South. It is only wonderful that he shouldhave such runners with such a chance. He has had no Reality, Empress, Lady Lightfoot, Medoc's dam, Sally Walker, or Betsey Robinson, &c. &c. sent to him.

He will make one Season in New York.

Terms.—$60 the Season—Insurance $100.

January. 1835. JNO. M. BOTTS.

THEATRICAL AND FANCY DRESSES.

"Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it at some little cost;
I'll entertain a score of customers."

MR. ANDREW J. ALLEN begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to execute any order in THEATRICAL, MASQUERADE, OR FANCY DRESSES. And having had 30 years experience in the business, and being for six years Costumer to our Great National Tragedian, Edwin Forrest, Esq., he trusts he shall be deemed fully competent to the task.

Mr. Allen is the Patentee of the gilt and silvered leather, and begs to inform those who wish to use those splendid articles, that he continues to manufacture them in a style superior to any other in Europe or America.

As the dancing season is about commencing, the young and beautiful, who trip it on the light fantastic toe, might introduce the beautiful Cinderella slipper, so fashionable in days of yore, for nothing is so well calculated to show of to advantage a beautiful foot and well turned ancle.

Mr. Allen warrants his gilt and silvered leather to outshine all opposition. They have the true American polish, touched up with a little of the Knickerbocker.

To the Theatrical World.

Mr. Allen will be happy to attend all who may need his services as Costumer, and begs to say that he makes and fashions all sorts of Stage or Fancy Dresses of the most elegant descriptions, and has always on hand an assortment of gilt and silvered leather, patterns and trimmings for ladies and gentlemen's dresses, armor, breastplates, helmets, shields, lamberkeens, and every article of stage dresses or properties, which he will dispose of on the mos reasonable terms.

All orders left for him at No. 36 Bowery, New-York, or at Mr. M'Minns, 96 North Seventh street, Philadelphia, will be punctually attended to.

The defects of figure remedied.

To Indian Traders.

N.B. A lot of handsome Caps, intended for Indians, for sale. 1

VETERINARY SURGEON.

R. H. BUDD, *Veterinary Surgeon*, City Hall Place, between Pearl and Duane streets, New York.

☞ Horses shod at his establishment, under his immediate inspection, on most approved principles.

LADY ISABEL—A LEGEND.

The Lady Isabel was a Scottish baron's daughter, and far was she famed. Were others fair, she was fairer; were others rich, she was richer. In short, all perfections were said to be centred in the Lady Isabel, and yet that quality for which she ought to have been most prized seemed the one which made least noise in the world; and this was her devoted duty to her father. She was his only child—the child of his old age, the idol of his heart, and the lamp of his life, But still he was a cruel father; for, in return for her duteous affection, he had determined to wed her to a man she had never seen, while he knew that her heart was another's.

The lord of Ormisdale was the son of his ancient friend, and the possessor of broad lands in a distant part of Scotland. The two old men had sworn to each other that their children should be united, but ere this paction, the youth had been sent abroad to be initiated in the art of war—an art but too much practised in his native country at that time; for be it known, that our peerless beauty bloomed in the fifteenth century, when the feuds of the Scottish nobility were frequent and deadly. Much was bruited abroad of the goodly person and brave qualities of the young earl, but of this Lady Isabel had no opportunity of judging, for never, as has been told, had she seen him. She had, however, but too often seen his cousin Roderick, and to him was her heart devoted. It was true he had neither title, landau, nor vassals; but he was a handsome, a noble, and a gallant youth, and he had knelt at her feet, confessed his love, and swore eternal constancy: and though, when she thought of her father, she turned coldly away, it was but to treasure his image in her heart, and to weep most bitter tears of the hapless fate which doomed her to wed another. Roderick, by and by, went away to a foreign land, distraught by his passion for the Lady Isabel; and the time was long, and he returned not, and none spoke of him, or seemed to think of him, save his disconsolate love. But it was not so; for the old baron loved him for his worth and manly bearing; and when he saw his daughter drooping her head like a lily, he too was unhappy, and repented him of his rash vow, though he would rather have sacrificed his own life, and hers too, than have broken his oath. And so time passed on, and many were the suiters that sought the hand of the Lady Isabel. Some loved her for herself, some for her great possessions, and some for both; but all were sent hopeless away.

And now the time was at hand when the sun was to shine upon the nineteenth birthday of the baron's daughter, and multitudes were invited to his castle to celebrate the festival with mirth and revelry. Many were the reasons on which he had thrown wide his castle gates and welcomed numerous guests, and ample the hospitable provision he had made for them; but never, during his life, or that of his forefathers, had there been such doings as now. Whole hecatombs of sheep and oxen bled on the occasion, with wain-loads of deer, wild and tame fowl, and other creatures. Every country seemed to have been taxed for fruit and other delicacies, and wines of the richest, seemed, by the quantities provided, to be intended absolutely to flow in rivers. The birth day of the Lady Isabel had been celebrated, as it came round, ever since that on which she first drew her breath, but never had there been even imagined such preparations as this. The tongues of all the gossiping old dowagers in the kingdom were set a-going on the occasion: some assigned one reason for this extraordinary entertainment, and some another. Now, there were several whose eager curiosity caused them so much uneasiness, that they went so far as to ask an explanation of the old baron himself. They were all, however, foiled in the attempt to penetrate the mystery, and therefore settled in their own minds that the old man had either lost his wits altogether, or was in his dotage.

Nor, to speak the truth, did the young lady, on whose account was all the turmoil, feel less surprised than other people at her father's unbounded extravagance, especially as there arrived from the capital chest after chest, packed with the richest vestments, cut in the most approved fashion of the day, and boxes filled with jewellery, which, added to the family gems she already possessed, might have furnished the dowry of a princess.

The day at length arrived for which all this extraordinary preparation had been made; and the baron, not content with charging his daughter to apparel herself in a suit, which, by its exceeding splendour, seemed to have been particularly intended for the occasion, and to wear her most costly jewels, also commanded her maidens to tax their wits in ornamenting and setting off, to the best advantage, the charms of their young mistress.

And now, after having arranged all things, and being promised implicit obedience by his daughter, the mystery of all his magnificent proceedings was partly unravelled by his telling her that they were that night to expect the arrival of the earl of Ormisdale; he moreover presented her with a mask, and informed her that he had taken order that each of his guests should put on a visor before they entered the ball-room, after they left the banqueting-hall, and that he had done this for her sake, that the eye of idle curiosity should not read in her features what was passing in her mind when she first met her betrothed. It was in vain that the afflicted Lady Isabel pled most movingly for a more private meeting, for her father was deaf to her entreaties, while he affirmed that his precaution of the visor would do away all objections, and was so peremptory in the matter, that, as usual, she acquiesced; and having thanked and kissed his dutiful daughter, he withdrew from her with renewed youth in his step, and joy in his eye. How different, however, were the feelings of his daughter on this momentous subject! and sore averse was she to meet the man she was sure that she could never love; and many were the tears she shed, and many the resolves she made to retract all her promises, and live and die in solitude. But then she bethought her of the despair of her poor old father—of his tender, though mistaken, love—of the few remaining years of his life imbittered by disappointment—and his death probably hurried on through her means. All this was too much when laid on the balance with only her own happiness, and she still sustained the character of a dutiful daughter, by heroically determining to sacrifice all selfishness at the altar of filial duty and affection.

But though this was her ultimate resolve, we need not be surprised that when decked in her splendid attire, and presiding in the gorgeous banqueting-hall of her father, she looked and felt as if assisting at a funeral feast, and that she even then would have been the better of the visor to prevent many conjectures on what her saddened looks might mean. But the time for assuming the mask arrived, and the nobles of the land, with their haughty dames, and many a knight, and many a damsel fair, bedight in silk and cloth of gold, and blazing in jewels, graced the tapestried ball-room, on which a flood of brilliant light was poured from lamp and torch. And each in joyous mood, cheered by the merry minstrels, and by the sound of harp and viol, impatiently awaited the commencement of the dance, when they were informed that it was stayed for an expected and honourable guest. And now again curiosity was at its height. But presently there was a flourish of the musick, and a cry of the ushers to make way for the noble earl of Ormisdale; and the large doors at the foot of the hall were flung wide open, and the gallant young earl, masked, and attended by a train of young gentlemen, all his kinsmen, or picked and chosen friends, advanced amid murmurs of admiration to the middle of the hall. Here they were met and welcomed by the baron, who led the earl to his lovely daughter, and having presented him to her, the guests were presently gratified by seeing the gallant young nobleman take the hand of the Lady Isabel, and lead her out to dance. Nor were there any present whose eyes did not follow them with admiration, though the measure chosen by the high-born damsel savoured more that night of grace and dignity than lightness of either heart or heel. Meantime, the old baron was so full of joy and delight, that it was remarked by all, as he was still seen near his daughter and her partner. But their hearts were both quaking—the unhappy Lady Isabel's with thinking of her promise to her father, and that of her betrothed with a fear known only to himself; for he had heard that she had loved, and now observed her narrowly. And, not content with this, he asked her, as he sat beside her, many a wily question, till at last he spoke his fears in plain guise, and she, with many sighs and tears shed within her mask, confessed the truth; still saying, that for her father's sake she would be his wife, if he accepted of her on such terms. But now her father told her in her ear, that she must presently prepare to keep her word, as this must be her bridal night; for that purpose alone was this high wassail kept. Her lover, too, no way daunted by his knowledge of her heart, pressed on his suit to have it so. And now was the despairing damsel almost beside herself, when her father, announcing aloud his purpose to the astonished guests, called for the priest, and caused all to unmask But in what words shall we paint the surprise, the delight, the flood of joy that came upon the heart of the Lady Isabel, when the earl's mask was removed, and she beheld in him her much-loved Roderick, who, his cousin being dead, was now the earl of Ormisdale! And now was each corner of the castle, from basement stone to turret height, filled with joyous greetings, and the health and happiness of the noble Earl Roderick, and of his bride, the dutiful Lady Isabel, deeply drank in many a wassail bowl.

The stately castle and its revels, the proud baron and his pomp, the beauteous bride and her children's children have now all passed away into oblivion, save this slight record, which has only been preserved in remembrance of the daughter's virtue, who preferred her father's happiness to her own.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees,
In infancy we played;
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow:
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?
We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now has fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?
We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thy clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now!

THE YEMASSEE.

[We cannot deny ourselves and our readers the pleasure of one more extract from the new romance, by the author of "Guy Rivers." We think it admirable, (the extract we mean,) as a piece of highly-wrought and beautiful description.]

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful were the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump, around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which she had no thought for at the moment. Things grew indistinct to her wandering eye—the thought was turned inward—and the musing spirit denying the governing sense to the external agents and conductors, they failed duly to appreciate the forms that rose, and floated, and glided before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head—and the black-snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terrour in the form that otherwise would have shivered but at its appearance And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was singularly impressed with one object, peering out at intervals from the little bush beneath it. She saw, or thought she saw, at moments, through the bright green of the leaves. a star-like glance, a small bright ray, subtile, sharp, beautiful—an eye of the leaf itself, darting the most searching looks into her own. Now the leaves shook and the vines waved elastically and in beautiful forms before her, but the star-like eye was there, bright and gorgeous, and still glancing up to her own. How beautiful—how strange, did it appear to the maiden. She watched it still with a dreaming sense, but with a spirit strangely attached by its beauty—with a feeling in which awe and admiration were equally commingled. She could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and from which it gleamed so brilliantly: but once, as she approached, she heard a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it repelled her approach. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her as if wooing her to seize. At another moment riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light—and such a light—a subtile, burning, piercing, fascinating light, such as gathers in vapour above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her own, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colours, bright, gay, various colours, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry, as it were of warning, above her, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of heir greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and leaned backward against the neighbouring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattesnake, now, but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had been associated. She was conscious enough to discriminate and to perceive, but terrour had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, he slowly unwound himself from his coil, then immediately, the next moment again gathered himself into its muscular masses—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrours. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form toward her—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terrour and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Then, the next moment, recovering quickly, it would resume its folds, and with arching neck, which now glittered like a bar of brazed copper, and fixed eye, continue, calmly as it were, to contemplate the victim of its secreted venom—the pendulous rattle still ringing the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is at hand. Its various folds were now complete—the coil forming a series of knots—the muscles, now and then, rising rigidly into a hill, now corded down by the pressure of another of its folds into a valley. These suddenly unclasping, in the general effort to strike its enemy, give it that degree of impetus which enables it to make its stroke as fatal, at the full extent of its own length, as when, suddenly invaded, its head is simply elevated and the blow given.

The glance of Bess Matthews at this moment upon her enemy, assured her that the sport of the deadly reptile was about to cease. She could not now mistake the fearful expression of his eye. She strove to scream, but her voice died away in her throat. Her lips were sealed—she sought to fly, but her limbs were palsied—she had nothing left of life but its consciousness; and in despair of escape, with a single scream, forced from her by the accumulated agony, she sunk down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directed for ever upon them. She saw him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck was arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she saw the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed when about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she saw no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster. In that moment the copse parted—and an arrow, piercing him through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, resting upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonnestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block-house. He rushed from the copse, as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay writhing upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, while shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavour; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned recklessly round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over upon his back with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead upon the person of the maiden.

☞ *A number of our Town subscribers seem laboring under a slight misapprehension of our terms of subscription. If paid in advance,* Three Dollars *only is required for one year—otherwise, they will be charged* One Dollar *per quarter, payable at the expiration of the quarter. Those who subscribe for a Quarter, merely, must invariably pay* One Dollar in advance.

Mr Thomas E. Leefe *is our only authorized collector in this city.*

TO SPORTSMEN.

A Fine retired, pleasantly situated Room to Let for a Billiard Table, or other purposes. For particulars, inquire at No. 162 Varick-street, between 12 and 1 o'clock, or after 7 o'clock in the evening. ap18-3w

NORTHERN HOTEL, ALBANY.

T. COMSTOCK begs to apprise his friends and the public that having recently made several important alterations and improvements in the Northern Hotel, he is prepared to accommodate them satisfactorily on the most reasonable terms. The Northern Hotel is situated on the Pier near the Steamboat Landing, in the centre of business; its table and larder amply supplied with the delicacies of the season, and the rooms and attendance unexceptionable. Every attention will be given to the wants and conveniences of those who may favor him with their patronage. ap18-6m

Waldie's Port Folio & Companion to the Select Library.

PUBLISHED every fortnight on the Basis of Chamber's Journal, with selections from the other English periodicals. Its form is the same as that of the Library, each number containing 16 pages; thus every six months, giving 13 numbers, which can be bound with the Library at little or no expense, and making a better sized volume.

The price will be three dollars for 26 numbers.

Subscribers to the "Library," will be supplied at $2 50.

PETER HILL & CO. Agents for the city,
ap18 94 Broadway.

TELEGRAPH.

THE full blooded Horse Telegraph, will stand the ensuing season at Henry Van Cott's Tavern, Jamaica, (Long Island,) on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday; and at T. H. Allaire's Four Mile House, 3d Avenue, New-York, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week. The season commencing on the 25th March, and terminates on the 1st July, 1835.

Terms—To ensure a foal, $15; for the season $12.

Telegraph is four years old this spring, a blood bay, with black mane, tail, and legs, with the exception of a little white on one hind foot. He exhibits as many points of high blood as any horse on the Island, and possesses a most kind and amiable disposition.

Pedigree.—Telegraph was sired by Young Bajazett, he by Old imported Bajazett; his dam, an imported mare by a Childers Messenger; grand sire, imported Messenger. ap18

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE.

WHOLESALE and Retail, by C. R. Taylor, at the Old stand. No. 1½ Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New York. Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel and Bamboo Rods, either in the solid or walking stick, or Fly or other Fishing, Single and Compound Reels of superior quality; Hoops and Nets: Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits of all kinds; Fish Hooks of every description. Swivels, Brass or Steel; Swivel Leads; Bait Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, and Floats of all sizes, &c. Also, single and double barrelled Guns and Pistols, Dirks and Dirk Knives, of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double. Powder and Liquor Flasks. Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple Wrenches and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights. Sportsmens' Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Corkscrew. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot. Also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line. j31

MEDICATED VAPOUR BATHS.

AN agreeable, safe, and certain relief is afforded to those persons laboring under sudden colds, checked perspiration, rheumatism, scarlet fever, &c. by the use of the Medicated Vapor Baths, No. 25 John street. In the course of 9 years, J. P. Carroll has successfully administered these Baths to thousands of our most respectable citizens who have been afflicted as above, and to whom, through their politeness, he is allowed to refer as to their efficacy. J. P C. takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to the Faculty for their liberal support, and hopes, from the satisfaction they have always heretofore expressed, to merit a continuance of their favors. The Baths are continued to be administered at the reduced price.

N. B. The Sulphur Baths can be had at all times by giving half an hour's previous notice. No connection with any other establishment.

Portable Vapour Baths for sale or hire. mar 14

HIGGS & COUPLAND,

HAT manufacturers, 64 Cedar street, beg to inform their friends and the public, that in addition to their wholesale establishment they now offer Silk and Fur hats by retail. Having superior advantages, being importers from the first Houses in Europe, they now offer a superior article, at reduced price, which for style, durability, lightness, and color, is inimitable, being made on new and improved principles. Southern and Western merchants are particularly invited to examine their goods, which will in any time or weather retain their shape, and resist heat and wet, however intense.

Superfine, extra light silk hats,	$3	50cts.
Best fur hats,	$4	25cts.
Extra light beaver, (the best that can be made,)	$5	00cts.

Their wholesale customers are informed the usual price and terms are adhered to. March 28th.

COMPOUND KREOSOT TOOTH WASH.

BY a happy combination of anti-scorbutic and odiferous plants with Reichenbach's Kreosot, the undersigned has obtained one of the most efficient and agreeable Philodontics even offered to the public. Since he first introduced it many respectable physicians of this city have expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with its beneficial effects, in most diseases of the mouth. The *preparation* under notice, having now been fully tested, is recommecded more confidently ever to whiten, cleanse, and arrest the decay of the teeth, strenghthen the gums, remove inflammation and ulcers of every description, and purifying the breath.

Prepared by J. MILHAU, *Pharmaceutist*, and sold at his Drug and Chemical store, 183 Broadway. George Chilton, 263 Broadway,

Regular Communication with Ireland.

EMIGRANT PASSAGE OFFICE.—Passage can be secured and money sent home, with regularity and safety, from No. 246 Pearl-street, payable in every Province and County in Ireland.

Province Leinster.—Dublin, Meath, Louth, Longford, Westmeath, Kings County, Kildare, Queens County, Wicklow, Carlow, Kilkenny, and Wexford.

Province Ulster.—Londonderry, Antrim, Donegal, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Down, Armagh, Monaghan, and Cavan.

Province Connaught.—Sligo, Leitrim, Mayo, Roscommon and Galway.

Province Munster.—Cork, Waterford, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, and Clare.

☞ Letters forwarded to the subscribers from any part of the United States, post paid, will be duly sent on per the Liverpool packets, sailing 1st, 8th, 16th, and 24th of each month. Apply to, or address

DOUGLAS, ROBINSON & CO. 246 Pearl-st.
Messrs. ROBINSON, BROTHERS, Liverpool.
" ROBINSON & CO. Dublin. ap18

REPUBLICATION

OF Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, The Metropolitan Magazine, and the Foreign Quarterly Review for 1835.

Plan of the Work.—It is published in weekly numbers immediately after the receipt of the English copy, by which means subscribers will be furnished with the re-print several weeks earlier.

Blackwook is conducted with greater and more uniform ability than any other Magazine.

The Metropolitan is a very superior miscellany, and richly repays the perusal.

Among all the British literary Reviews, probably no one is so interesting and valuable to us as the Foreign Quarterly.

These three works, so various in their character, each eminent in its place, were selected in order to furnish all the variety that could be required in a periodical publication.

They are printed so that each work will bind up separately at the end of the year, with a title-page and index to each.

They cost $35 to import, but afforded in this form for only $7, by PETER HILL & CO.
Booksellers and Stationers, 94 Broadway,
General Agents for American and Foreign Periodical Publications. ap18

BOOKS BY MAIL!

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY, published weekly, and furnishing the best popular literature, Memoirs, Biography, Novels, Tales, Travels, Voyages, &c. Price five dollars for 54 numbers, including two supplements, containing matter equal to 50 volumes of the London novel size.

Besides this amount of books, there is a weekly cover, called The Journal of Belles Lettres, containing four pages as large as the Library, filled with critical notices of new books, lists of new publications, foreign and domestic, with other generally interesting literary information, furnished gratuitously.

At the former prices of books in this country, on inferior paper, those given each year would cost about 50 dollars.

Were the comparison of prices extended to the cost of London books, it would be found that we have supplied an amount of printing which cost in London $166 for the small sum of five dollars.

By printing the Library on a single sheet, the postage is reduced to the lowest rate.

Orders addressed to PETER HILL & CO., 94 Broadway, New-York, will be promptly attended to.

ap18tf

DENTISTRY.

The undesigned has permanently established his office and residence at No. 21 Chamber st. and solicits a continutaion of that liberal patronage which has been extended to him since the commencement of his professional labours in this city. It will be at all times his earnest and most strict endeavour to give satisfaction to his patients or patrons. The subscriber inserts all the different kinds of teeth, mineral incorruptible, human and animal, the former his own manufacture. The minera teeth will remain the same, without the least decomposition or change of color after fifty years use of them, as when first inserted. No pain is attached to their insertion, and will remain firm and durable for life. The various other branches of the profession attended to, such as extracting, filling with gold or silver, cleaning, regulating the teeth of children, &c. &c. H. BURDELL,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist, No. 21 Chamber street.

DR. FRANCIS,

SURGEON-DENTIST, No. 7, Chambers, near Chatham street, respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fi ls Hollow Teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his

ANTIODANTALGIC WASH,

As completely efficacious in curing the diseases in the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the Tooth-Ache. His

TERI METALLIC Incorruptible TEETH

Are a real imitation of Nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva, so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adnere to them, so the breath remains sweet. These incorruptible Teeth retain colour, solidity, durability, polish strength and beauty, not surpassed by auy. He also sets

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN EYES.

Which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honour him with their commands will find his charges moderate.

The Poor attended to every morning, from seven to eight o'clock gratis. 2

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. ABERNETHY'S ANTI-HAEMORRHOIS, or Infallible Remedy for the Piles.—This most celebrated Remedy was first introduced into practice by the late Dr. Abernethy, since which time it has met with the most unbounded success in all parts of Europe, as a certain cure for the above disease, in all its stages.

The proprietor has avoided an unnecessary list of Certificates, as a single bottle will prove its efficacy.

N. B. None are genuine unless it bears the proprietor's signature upon the stamp of each bottle.

Price $1 per bottle.

mar 14 A. MERLIN, 80 Chamber st., New York.

OLD GALEN'S HEAD DISPENSARY.

No. 14, Peck Slip, corner of Water street.

DR. EVANS continues his improved practice as usual, at his we established Dispensary, No. 14 Peck Slip. The public are respectfully apprised, that Dr. Evans, being regularly educated in the city of London, has been a member of the said falculty 37 years; has had 12 years hospital practice, and is well known as a practitioner in this city for the last 16 years.

The great success attending Dr. E.'s practice, in all delicate diseases, viz. Syphillis, Gonnorheas, Gleets, Strictures, &c. induces ignorant pretenders to copy after him. Many valuable members of society are eaily folling sacrifices to the artful habits held out by those unprincipled experimentalists. Stangers are particularly cautioned not to be deceived by ingenious puffing advertisements of any description, but call and judge for themselves.

Also to be had, at the above Dispensary

MINERVA's BOX, containing a complete plan of Medicine for the cure of a certain disease, with a complete book of directions, in which the symptoms and treatment of the diseases are pointed out with such brevity and accuracy, that every person may in this case become his own physician.

Also, a Preventative for the above, if used in due time.

N. B. The offices and entrances are well arranged, and secrecy may be depended on. 2

J. & W. SANDFORD,
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
No. 17 Ann-street.